The Watkins Brothers'

Repertoire

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THE WATKINS BROTHERS' REPERTOIRE.

THE POWER OF EXPRESSION,

OR

LIFE IN ACTION.

CONTAINING INSTRUCTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUCCESSFUL DELIVERY OF BOTH SELECTED AND ORIGINAL RECITATIONS.

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PREFACE.

In publishing the "Watkins Brothers' Repertoire," we are giving the student, and the amateur and professional entertainer, a collection of declamations, orations and recitations far superior to any other collection now in print. This collection is the result of seven years' study, teaching, and entertaining. During this time, over a hundred and fifty volumes have been diligently searched, and all herein have proved to be worthy a place in our Repertoire.

Successful entertainers have refrained from publishing a successful repertoire, believing that it would handicap them in their professional work. We do not think so. Even if it does, we have a very vivid recollection of the time, worry, search and expense incurred when taking up the study of expression, and we are willing to make the sacrifice in order to help those who are striving to succeed in the great art of entertaining.

A good recitation lives in the minds of an audience after they have heard it well given. This has been our guide in collecting the recitations for our Repertoire. Take for examples: "Ben Deene," "Hard Old Brick," "The Facial Family," "Uncle Pete and the Trolly Car," or any other selection in our Repertoire, and if it be well rendered, an audience will always remember the reciter for having heard him deliver such and such selections. Only those selections whose spirit lives in the minds of an audience are permitted in this volume; and such selections given with any degree of ability at all must necessarily win success before the public.

We take this opportunity of thanking the authors and publishers of selections protected by copyright, for permission to use them in this form.

WATKINS BROTHERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

In our teaching we have found that all students and beginners fail to get the correct accents and emphasis in poetical composition. They always develop a sing-song reading, and utterly fail to get the true meaning in the lines; therefore, we have had the poems set as prose matter. This gives an opportunity to get at the meaning; and we believe this arrangement will prove beneficial to every student of this book.

The "suggestions" accompanying each selection, it must be understood, are very brief, and it is not to indicate that only one interpretation can be given the recitation; but the interpretation we suggest is only one of a dozen or more that may be given each selection. The genius in the great art of Expression will put his own interpretation into any selection he delivers, and stamp it with his own individuality. Others imitate and fail. The personality of people is varied, and that which might be a natural delivery for one person would be a very unnatural delivery for another. The successful artist in this study will take the superior and climacterical parts of a selection and spend most of the practice on them.

"Intelligent practice," is that kind of practice where the mind is firmly held on the details. In practicing a recitation the mind should be held firmly on the thoughts being uttered, seeking to originate, develop, and express more and more the details in voice and action. It is the artistic execution of the small, and seemingly insignificant, details that marks the difference between the amateur and the artist in Expression. It is impossible to do intelligent practice where the student is conscious of being heard by other persons. It must be done in private.

It has been the custom of all great orators and actors to seek solitude for practice. Webster would go off to the marshes near Marshfield, Mass., and practice for hours where no one could hear him; and there developed the greatest oratorical powers that have appeared on the American continent. Henry Clay did his practice on his father's truck farm, talking to cabbage heads. Demosthenes developed his great oratorical powers by practicing in a cave on the sea-shore. Henry

Ward Beecher spent thirty years in developing his marvelous powers of expression. The student who is not willing to make the study of Expression a life-time's practice had as well not begin the work, for there never has been a great orator, actor, preacher or entertainer who did not develop their powers through private practice. Since it is almost impossible for most people to find a suitable place for practice, conveniently located, we recommend the construction of a sound proof practice room. It must be so constructed that a person on the outside cannot hear the loudest shouts made on the inside. It is very easily made; and one should be at the disposal of every student of Expression. The walls should not be less than ten feet high, and not less than eight feet square. The walls, both inside and out, must be air tight; allowing no material connection between the two. This can be done by having a separate set of studing for all the walls. Take for example, a straight wall: There must be two rows of studing; one for the outer wall, and one for the inner; the inner studing being set in so that the inner ceiling will be at least one inch from the studs that support the outer wall; and if both rows of studs be of the same size, of course the outer wall will be clear of the studing that support the inner wall the same distance. The same principle applies to the floor, and the ceiling overhead. The air between the walls acts as a cushion, and when the walls are air tight and no material connection, the sound made on the inside cannot penetrate the outer walls. There must be two door shutters; one attached to each of the walls, fitting very tightly. The room may be ventilated by having two window shutters overhead; one to drop downward, the other to be drawn up. A room so constructed, and the student is ready for intelligent practice. The amount of time to be spent in practice in this room should not be less than two hours a day, having two practice periods of one hour each. The only caution necessary is to avoid straining the voice before it has become used to the extra tax placed upon it.

We have inserted on the opposite page our chart for grading, examination and contests. This chart will enable the student to find out where his faults and defects are, which will be of untold value to him. We recommend that each one of these points be committed to memory, and that the student thoroughly understands the requirements of them all; and strive for a rating of one hundred per cent under each point.

Names.	Stage Presence.	Pronunciation.	Articulation.	Modulation.	Voice.	Action.	Tone Color.	Interpretation.	Feeling.	Magnetism.	Average.

STAGE PRESENCE.

The ability to appear at ease on the stage or rostrum is the result of careful preparation. The speaker who is at perfect ease before an audience is one who knows exactly what he is going to say and do, and how he is going to say and do it. A lack of these essentials causes embarrassment and often "stage fright." Perfect mastery of the subject at hand is necessary to give the confidence that leads to success.

Aside from the embarrased condition, there is another which relates to the body as a physical thing: That is, appearance. One whose body is stiff, awkward and ungainly in its attitudes and actions is greatly handicapped. A thorough training in a well-balanced system of physical culture will eradicate these defects, and such a system practiced daily is necessary to keep the body in its best condition.

The attitudes of the body can be perfected by observing the following rules: The weight sustained chiefly on the ball of one foot; the knees straight; chest well-raised; shoulders down, but not thrown back; head back and well poised over the shoulders, with chin drawn backward and downward; and a steady gaze of the eye. (A great fault of many people who appear before the public is a winking and blinking of the eye.) The condition of the body should be relaxed without laziness; compact without stiffness; erect without straightness.

A person meeting all these requirements would be marked 100 under "stage presence" in our chart.

PRONUNCIATION.

The speaker before an audience, whether on the platform, rostrum, stage or pulpit, who mis-pronounces a half dozen words in common use within an hour's time, had as well never appear before that audience again. Be his or her ability ever so great in other respects, there is no chance for great success until this fault is overcome. An audience will lose respect for any speaker who mis-pronounces words in common use. Therefore, have a reliable authority (Webster's international dictionary is the best) at your command when committing the lines to memory; and before beginning to commit, go through the entire selection and get the correct

pronunciation of every word in it. The mis-pronunciation of one word would take off ten points under our chart; and a failure in ten words in one program would destroy the rating altogether in this point of Expression.

ARTICULATION.

Articulative speech is the chief means of distinguishing humanity from the lower orders of creation. It is the fire of all speech; why not develop it to the highest degree? We believe it absolutely impossible for any person to win success before the public who runs the words into a jumble as is too commonly done by those who appear before the public. All the great orators, actors, preachers, readers and singers have been able to make every person in their audiences hear every word distinctly. Unless the student is willing to undergo the long and tedious training necessary to make a marking of at least ninety per cent under this heading, he had as well hunt in other fields for success. Articulation requires that each syllable should be perfectly coined, as well as the words be heard and understood.

For practice in this we give (to our students) many words and sentences containing difficult consonant combinations; and require them to spend hours and hours practicing what we call, for lack of a better term, "consonant hammering." It would be departing from our plan for this book to lay out a course of training here; and then it would do but little good if we were to give it, for there are but few students who will accomplish much without an instructor. In practicing, use force in the voice, and great strength in the muscles that are used in uttering each syllable. The muscles used in articulative speech can be made strong and vigorous so that every syllable and word will be perfectly coined.

What we call a "firm-lip position" will, if acquired, aid greatly in articulation. The lips should be held in a firm, solid condition, with the red parts drawn in until the red is quite hid from view. It is best to carry the lips in this position all the time, but all "consonant hammering," practice and execution must be done with the firm-lip position.

MODULATION.

Modulation is that use of the voice which brings out the correct meaning in the words uttered. It not only requires emphasis on the thought-words, but there must be an easy flow of voice from the lowest tones to the highest, varying as the thought varies. By modulation the reciter can delight and hold the attention of his audience; but without a rating of at least ninety per cent under this heading, the mind of the audience will wander and become listless as to what is being said. This point marks the distinction between an amateur and the artist. Many otherwise excellent efforts have been complete failures because of a monotonous delivery. The only natural modulation is that used in conversation; the difference being that it is enlarged to suit the size of the audience. It certainly requires great ability to bring out the full meaning in a sentence, for it is a fact that words can be so modulated that one hearing them uttered will get a meaning opposite to that intended. It is not possible to reach a marking of ninety per cent under this heading unless the voice has a range of at least eight notes in the musical scale. The range of the voice can be rapidly increased by intelligent practice in a sound proof practice room.

THE VOICE.

The human voice is the greatest musical instrument in the world; and there is not a sound in animate or inanimate nature the human voice cannot be trained to imitate. The cramped environments of our civilization produce voices that are full of defects. Few indeed there are who have the freedom to let the voice out in a free and natural manner. The nearest voice we find to a natural voice, though crude and uncultured as it is, is the voice of the negro on the Southern plantations where they sing and hollow, and laugh the whole day long, where his voice goes free with his feelings; and though without any training, the richest and most melodious songs of our day come from the throats of the negro.

We believe so thoroughly in the value of a sound proof practice room that we devote some space, elsewhere, to a discussion of its construction. Aside from the one hundred tone

colors mentioned under another heading, there are nine pitches, seven degrees of force, eight timbres, six elements, forty-two qualities, and eight stresses, ten glides; and all of them have their uses and meanings in the great art of Expression. And before the student can expect the full measure of success all of them must be developed to their full strength.

Intelligent practice, however, produces marvellous results in a few months time; and though it may seem a large undertaking to master the details of voice-building, yet natural principles applied in a sound proof room soon give the desired results. If your ambition in life is fame before the public, let your goal be a marking of 100 per cent on this point under our chart.

ACTION.

The term "action" used in Expression is a movement of the head, eye, face, hand, foot, or any part of the body that expresses an idea. There is scarcely a selection requiring three minutes' time in delivery, but what there is an opportunity to express more with action than can be expressed in words, it matters not how well they may be uttered.

The best practice for developing the art of acting is to practice pantomiming. Endeavor to express ideas without the use of the voice, and you will be surprised at the progress made under this point of expression. And you must not expect the highest degree of success until you have attained the ability of expressing thoughts in this manner; and then suit the action to the words and success is yours. It will require much time and intelligent practice to reach a marking of even ninety per cent in our chart under this heading; and a rating of 100 per cent would soon place one among those with national reputations. It is useless to say this ability cannot be attained, for all art is acquired by intelligent practice, and the art of acting is no exception.

We are aware of the fact that the study of gesturing is held by some to be of little value, if not worthless, but that idea has gained prevelance from the fact that there are certain systems of elocutionary training that produce affectation, which, to an audience, looks ludicrous, and even bordering on the ridiculous. Acting, to be effective, must have life in

it; be executed in a natural manner, and suited to the thought and character you are portraying.

TONE COLOR.

Every passion and emotion which the human mind is capable of experiencing stamps itself on the voice. There are one hundred fixed colors with all their combinations and variations, which the human voice is capable of expressing if properly trained. The ability to carry an audience from one extreme to another, from pride to shame; from love to hate; from tears to laughter, insures success to the actor, orator, preacher, singer, or entertainer. When the voice has been developed in all its divisions, it naturally expresses the emotions the speaker feels. Tone color and feeling should be practiced together.

INTERPRETATION.

The "suggestions" given with the selections in this book are not intended as the only successful interpretation, for each selection may be successfully interpreted in many different ways. A successful interpretation is a clear understanding of what the author had in mind when he wrote or uttered the words. The suggestions are intended merely as an aid to understanding the meaning in the lines, and one way of delivering them. The "coaching method;" that method that makes so many imitators, has some value, in that it helps the student to understand more fully the ideas the author had. The larger the knowledge of literature in general, the better the student is qualified for interpreting the thoughts of others.

FEELING.

The feeling of the speaker determines the feeling of the audience. If the speaker feels nervous, the audience takes on the same feeling. If the reciter feels the emotions in a recitation, the audience feels exactly what the reciter feels. In

giving any selection, the reader must feel and live the thoughts he is uttering; and unless this is done, the effort will always be a failure. Affecting to feel the emotion creates disgust in an audience; it must be real. The ability to throw feeling into uttered words is developed by long and continued practice. Without the inclination, yes the love, of hard tedious practice, it is not worth while to undertake the study of the great art of Expression. When an entertainer has practiced a selection until the thought and feeling has become thoroughly disgusting to him, then, and not till then, is he ready to go before an audience with it. In private practice is where talent and genius are developed; they are never developed in contact with the world. Do not go before an audience with a selection until you have reached a marking of ninety per cent under "feeling."

MAGNETISM.

Personal magnetism are those charms of presence which attract, such as a beautiful face, a beautiful eye, a well-formed body, a graceful carriage, a rich melodious voice, etc., but there is a force not seen or heard, but is felt, and that power is known as magnetism. It was said of Henry W. Grady that the moment he entered a hall every person there felt his presence. Personal magnetism without the magnetic life as a basis, counts for but little; because the senses soon detect what it is that attracts, and the power is gone. The power that wins is always a hidden force. A person may be void of all the personal charms that attract, and yet possess a superabundance of magnetism that will enable him to sway and control an audience and carry it at will through all the varying passions and emotions.

Until within the last few years it was thought this power was bestowed by nature upon individuals who possessed it; but investigation proved that all who have that power acquired it through some course of training or conduct. It is ethereal and electrical in its nature, and has its base in the nerve cells of the body, and exists there as a living vital force. As the vitality of the body can be increased by certain habits and training, so this, the greatest personal power given to

man, can be increased or diminished by certain habits and training.

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It will be necessary for the ambitious entertainer to have in his repertoire a great variety of selections, for the occasions at which he will have to appear are so varied that he must be prepared for any and all kinds of audiences. The speaker must study his audience, and make his selections accordingly. In arranging a program there should be two parts in practically the same order, which should be as follows: Part one, first a beautiful selection; number two, a character selection; number three, a pathetic selection; number four, a tragic selection; number five, a comic selection; number six, a series of anecdotes; number seven, several comedies. Part two should be about the same arrangemnt. The program should not be over one hour and forty-five minutes, with an intermission of several minutes at the end of part one.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key.

Suggestions—This beautiful and oratorical selection is capable of thrilling any American audience. It requires a large movement of the glides, full orotund voice, a feeling of patriotic pride and a tense magnetism.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perillous fight, o'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming; and the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there; oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, what is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, as it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses! Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, in full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore that the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, a home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave from the terror of death and the gloom of the grave; and the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation; blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, and this be our motto, "In God is our trust." And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

SOUTHERN HEROES.

As arranged and adapted by G. K. Watkins.

Suggestions—This oratorical selection requires the orotund voice, dark in form. A fine selection for arousing patriotic emotion. Fine for Southern audiences, and for those who hold "The Lost Cause" dear.

The graves where the glorious heroes of the lost cause are sleeping are very humble; no Government pours out its wealth to gather their dust into magnificent cemeteries, adorned with all the taste that art can contribute to beautify those cities of the dead.

In the deep bosom of the wild woods where human footsteps have rarely trod, many of them sleep the last sleep with only nature and solitude as companions of their dreamless rest. The birds of the forest sing their morning and evening hymns above their unrecorded graves. No ancestral oak shall ever cast its welcome shadow over their heroic dust and no monumental marble sentinel the undiscovered spot where their ashes repose, but they have monuments in hearts that are warmer than marble and homes in memories that will never cast them out. Dearer to me is their hallowed dust than the golden sands of all California. No amount of detraction can shake my faith in their integrity, and no temptation of power ever make me false to the traditions of their history. When the meed of victory is granted to the conqueror who, by superior numbers, greater resources, the intervention of foreign courage and the black cohorts of the line have overcome the weaker in the contest, does that settle the question of right and wrong? After a deadly conflict extending through four long years, when soldiers stood eye to eye and hilt to hilt—a conflict in which every step was a battle field and every battle field a grave yard—where on one point the stars and stripes waved in triumph; at another where the stars and bars with the cross of St. Andrew answered the shouts of victory. When the battle axe of the crusader was met by the magic blade of the Saracen and when the feebler party, worn and weary, stood in the dark shadow of his native hills by the tide that ran blushing with the best blood of the ill-starred South, what must be our admiration for the gallant Confederate hero? When the last arrow from his quiver was spent, the last shot from his locker gone, grasping with one mangled hand his broken blade as he held with the other his

battered shield with Manassas and Chancellorsville, Shiloh and Chickamauga imprinted upon it, are we to be told that, notwithstanding such courage and devotion, simply for the want of success that he is a traitor and his cause is treason? Away with such philosophy. I know they are stigmatized as traitors, but never will this hand consent to write such a name upon one of their graves. My heart must be as cold as death can make it before it will cease to warm at the mention of their names or cherish the memorials of their virtue. Thank God this privilege is still left us; even the ingenuity of hate has never yet invented a process by which the human heart can be entered and robbed of its treasures. No spy can bring reports from this enchanted land; no detective explore this unknown region; no rude soldiery can put the forms of beauty of that people in arrest: and no court martial pronounce its bloody decrees against them for this hallowed ground where no tyrant's footsteps ever trod cruelly and oppressive, and all the dark cohorts which the human passion rallies to carry out its orders stand baffled and powerless outside its walls. For the angels of God mount guard on its parapets and their flaming swords turn everywhere to guard the citadel of the soul.

To characterize that prolonged and terrific struggle as a mere riot or mob and assume that every man engaged in it was a conscious traitor unworthy of trust and devoid of honor is to trifle with the truth and insult the common understanding of mankind. Shall our fair country women be denounced as rebellious because they gather the earliest and sweetest flowers of spring and strew them upon the graves of our dead? Was she true to the cause of patriotism who, when a fair soldier boy lay dead far away from his home, bent above his corpse and with angelic sweetness said: "Let me kiss him for his mother's sake?" It is not treason to indulge in a natural feeling of pride in the achievements of our arms, respect to the men who led us, and veneration to those who fell in the lost cause. Sad, sad indeed, if their comrades are forbidden the melancholly pleasure of shedding a tear upon their graves. When reason shall mount her throne, when prejudice which is both deaf and blind to reason shall cease to rule the hour, justice will be done the motives of these men. Appealing from the passion of the present to the more impartial judgment of posterity, let us submit their deed and the cause in which they fell to the arbitrament of history. Sleep sweet-

ly in your humble graves soldiers of the lost cause! Though yet no marble column craves the pilgrim here to pause, reason rejects such views of the subject as an absurdity; justice brands it as a falsehood; the muse of history will scorn to transfer it to her immortal pages. Questions that rallied millions of such intelligent men as America's masses to the battlefield for their solution, must have had, yes did have, two sides to them and we dare assert that in purity of motive, in stainless honor, in dauntless courage and lofty devotion to principle, the men who bore arms in the lost cause are the peers to the proudest that ever marched under any banner.

Upon the floor of the United States senate an honorable member who had the courage to speak a few words for this much slandered and dishonored people, challenged our maligners to point to a single instant where a Confederate soldier had violated his parole since the surrender. The challenge was not accepted and never will be. The history of the world might safely be defied to produce from among its mouldering records an instance parallel to the hightened chivalrous manner in which the Confederate soldier has kept his parole inviolate. After the bitterness of defeat and the humiliations of failure, why should anyone wish to rob us of the poor pleasure of believing that we are not disgraced. But let us suffer and be strong. They cannot build a dungeon to imprison the soul or forge manacles to confine the mind. Thought, like the winged lightning or the wayward tempest, scorns all futile attempts to subdue it. Shall the mother be forbidden to mourn the loss of her gallant boy without confessing he filled a traitor's grave. No human law can force that mother to associate with his memory a traitor's shame, she knows he was noble, brave and true, and when the last trumpet sounds she shall rise from her grave with that same opinion. Shall the father be stigmatized as disloyal and stripped of all the attributes of a free man because his heart beats with a quickened pulsation at the recital of the heroic part his manly son bore in the bloody scenes of Chickamauga? If it be necessary to tear from his heart all feelings of pride and affection before he can be loyal, he will never reach that high state of political perfection. Ah no! They will tell their names in storied song, the men of Chickamauga's fight, and on the moss grown cottage walls will hang their pictures brave and bright. In the seeds of laurels, in the earth, the

garlands of your fame are sown and somewhere waiting for its birth the shaft is in the stone.

THE VETERANS.

Robert G. Ingersol.

Suggestions—The voice should be of orotund timbre and dark form. The attitude and gestures should be that of grandeur. A feeling of patriotism and a love for our soldiers and country should enthuse the speaker.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the swet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with those who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing, and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear.

We seem them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at a turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of the war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We

are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed down with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

IF HE BUT LIVE TILL SUNDOWN.

H. W. Grady.

Suggestions—In this beautiful selection the reciter should endeavor to make the audience see and feel the pathetic situation of the soldier. It is exceedingly fine for holding the attention of an audience.

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field, the roar of battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the liter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face and the surgeon with

kindly face, bent over him, hesitated for a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back, the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun! At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the eastern horizon, tinged his palid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against dispair until the sun reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane. I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farm house and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessings falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clamored on

his knees and tangled their hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I but live till sundown they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I but live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night."

And the Son of God who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on the ebbing life and held on staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came, and he was taken from death to life.

HENRY W. GRADY.

John Temple Graves.

Suggestions—This oratorical selection requires the orotund voice. It is one of the most beautiful in the English language, and if delivered with dramatic oratory, it is a sure prize winner. The ending is one of the sublime productions of the age and should be delivered with the steady on-beat.

I am one among the thousands who loved him, and I stand with the millions who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing youth, when, across my boyish vision he walked with winning grace, from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of splendid manhood when a nation hung upon his words—and now, with the dross of human friendship smitten in my soul—I love him best of all as he lies yonder under the December skies, with face as tranquil and with smile as sweet as patrial ever wore.

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I agree with Patric Collins that he was the most brilliant son of this republic. If the annals of these times are told with truth, they will give him place as the phenomenon of his

period, the Admiral Crichton of the age in which he lived. No eloquence has equalled his since Sargent Prentiss faded from the earth. No pen has plowed such noble furrows in his country's fallow fields since the wrist of Horace Greely rested; no age of the Republic has witnessed such marvellous conjunction of a magical pen with the velvet splendor of a mellow tongue, and although the warlike rival of these wondrous forces never rose within his life, it is writ of all his living, that the noble fires of his genius were lighted in his boyhood from the gleam that died upon his father's sword.

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Nothing in the history of human speech will equal the stately steppings of his eloquence into glory. In a single night he caught the heart of the country into his warm embrace and leaped from a banquet of revelry into national fame. It is, at last, the crowning evidence of his genius, that held to the end, unbroken, the high fame so easily won, and sweeping from triumph unto triumph, with not one leaf of his laurels withered by time or staled by circumstance, died on yesterday—the foremost orator in all the world.

It is marvelous, past all telling, how he caught the heart of the country in the fervid glow of his own! All the forces of our statesmanship have not prevailed for union like the ringing speeches of this bright, magnetic man. His eloquence was the electric current over which the positive and negative poles of American sentiment were rushing to a warm embrace. It was the transparent medium through which the bleared eyes of sections were learning to see each other clearer and to love each other better. He was melting bitterness in the warmth of his patrial sympathies, sections were being linked in the logic of his liquid sentences, and when he died he was literally loving a Nation into peace.

If I should seek to touch the core of all his greatness, I would lay my hand upon his heart. I should speak of his humanity—his almost inspired sympathies, his sweet philanthropy and the noble heartfulness that ran like a silver current through his life. His heart was the furnace where he fashioned all his glowing speech. Love was the current that sent his golden sentences pulsing through the world, and in the honest throb of human sympathies he found the anchor

that held him steadfast to all things great and true. He was the incarnate triumph of a heartful man.

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No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all there is nothing grander than such living.

I have seen the light that gleamed at midnight from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf and tree, and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray; and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shallow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor; and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction 'round the destinies of men, and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the Everlasting God!

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.—

Charles Sheppard.

Suggetions—This selection sould be given a conversational voice until the Black Horse and His Rider appear on the field, when it becomes exciting. The last part of the selection affords opportunity for great dramatic action, but the last lines are explanatory and pathetic.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hill side blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful as he watched the

evolutions of the two armies; but all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the earth, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden-folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Sudenly Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant batle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword and the glistening blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shouts echo over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier mounted on his black steed. Look at him! as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in the cannon's glare and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment in to those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militia-men, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militia-man. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down." This appeal was not without its effect. The militia-man turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their

bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemiss' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seized his rifle and started toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that Black Steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the Black Horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was re-

ceived in the storming of Quebec. That rider was Benedict Arnold.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

By William Ross Wallace.

Suggestions—This beautiful selection should be given in an easy, natural manner with strength, feeling and magnetism.

Blessings on the hand of women! angels guard its strength and grace in the palace, cottage, hovel, oh, no matter where the place! Would that never storms assailed it, rainbows ever gently curled; for the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world. Infancy's the tender fountain; power may with beauty flow; mother's first to guide the streamlets, from them souls unresting grow. Grow on for the good or evil, sunshine streamed or darkness hurled; for the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world. Woman, how divine your mission here upon our natal sod! Keep, oh keep the young heart open always to the breath of God! All true trophies of the ages are from mother-love impearled, for the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world. Blessings on the hand of woman! fathers, sons and daughters cry, and the sacred song is mingled with the worship in the sky—mingles where no tempest darkens, rainbows evermore are hurled; for the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Wendell Phillips.

Suggestions—This is one of the finest gems in modern oratory. Its delivery requires a full, strong, orotund voice and gestures that suit the thoughts.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century.

Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of Toussaint L'Overture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Tous-Aint L'Ouverture.

THE MAN WITH A HOE.

Edwin Markham.

Suggestions—This is undoubtedly the greatest poem written in the last decade; but however well it might be delivered before an audience of millionaires, it would be a failure. But delivered to an audience of the common people, labor unions, or Socialists, it is a success. This fact emphasizes the point of making the right selections for an audience. Give in orotund voice, dark tone, strong and condemning.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, the emptiness of ages in his face, and on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, a thing that grieves not and that never hopes, stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow, whose breath blew out the light within this brain.

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave to have dominion over sea and land; to trace the stars and search the heavens for power; to feel the passion of eternity? Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns and pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf there is no shape more terrible than this—more tongued with censure of the world's blind greed, more filled with signs and portents for the soul, more fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him were Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, the rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering ages look. Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; through this dread shape, humanity, betrayed, plundered, profaned, and disinherited, cries protest to the judges of the world; a protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands, is this the handiwork you give to God—this monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched. How will you ever straighten up this shape; give back the upward looking and the light; rebuild in it the music and the dream; touch it again with immortality; make right the immemorial infamies, perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands, how will the future reckon with this man? How answer his brute ques-

tion in that hour when whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—with those who shaped him to the thing he is when this dumb terror shall reply to God after the silence of the centuries?

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

President Lincoln's favorite Poem.

Suggestions—Give this with the orotund voice, free from pride and ambition, yet strong and brave. It is said this was the favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln. It certainly harmonizes with his life.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-floating meteor, a fast-flying cloud; a flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, man passeth from life to his rest in the grave. The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade, be scattered around and together be laid; and the young and the old, and the low and the high, should moulder to dust and together shall lie. The infant and mother, attended and loved, the mother that infant's affection who proved; the husband that mother and infant who blessed, each, all are away to their dwellings of rest. The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by; and the memory of those who loved her and praised, and alike from the minds of the living erased. The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne, the brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn; the eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, are hid and lost in the depths of the grave. The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap, the herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep; the beggar who wandered in search for his bread, have faded away like the grass that we tread. The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, the sinner who dared to remain unforgiven; the wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, have quiety mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed that withers away to let others succeed; so the multitude comes, even those we behold, to repeat every tale that has often been told. For we are the same our fathers have been, we see the same our fathers have seen; we drink the same stream and view the same sun, and run the same course our fathers have run. The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,

from the death we are shrinking our father would shrink; to the life we are clinging they also would cling, but it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing. They loved, but the story we cannot unfold, they scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; they grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come. They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb. They died; aye! they died; we things that are now, that walk on the turf that lies over their brow; and make in their dwellings a transient abode, meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road. Yet! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, we mingle together in sunshine and rain; and the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge, still follow each other, like surge upon surge. 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, from the blossom of health to the paleness of death, from the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

Elihu Burret.

Suggestions—This dramatic declamtion should begin in a conversational voice, and so continues until the boy casts his first glance downward. Then the delivery becomes exciting and more dramatic until the climax is reached. It affords great opportunity for descriptive action. This declamation has been a prize-winner on many occasions.

The scene opens with a view of the great natural bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the valley below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sung together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, upon those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from the rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the world.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before

them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone walls. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the world when those of Alexander, Caesar and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand and clinging to a little jutting crag he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

This is a dangerous venture; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains and draws himself up carefully to his full length he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created inspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measure his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on the ear.

He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is half worn away to the shaft. He can

hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilema, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters to come and witness, or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipating his desire, swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told at his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below him. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you. Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top."

The boy didn't look down. His eyes were fixed like a flint towards heaven and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade; how anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier; how he avoids every flinty grain; how he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother and sister on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the West. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in another direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees; and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Ropes are spliced together and are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts; that niche is the last.

At the last faint gash he cuts, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! A shout falls on his ear from those above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught the glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noose is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a fain convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose and darkness comes over him, as the tightening rope draws him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE CUBAN HERO.

As adapted and recited by Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—This intensely dramatic selection may be recited by either boy or girl. It requires great intensity of feeling, voice coloring, acting and magnetism. It is one of the best dramatic selections in print. The last paragraph is the climax, and requires all the powers of expression latent in the reciter.

My father was a loyal Spaniard, but a Cuban first; and

Cuban patriots found shelter 'neath his roof. For this he was arraigned, court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. My mother and myself were forced to see the execution. Wild with agony, we plead for mercy from that merciless tribunal; offered land and money for his life, and prayed with our souls upon our lips. Our pleadings and prayers were counted criminal; we were arrested and awaited sentence. Then they led my father out before those hinchmen, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," commanded him to kneel. I saw his eyes flash up with all the racial fire that warmed the Moorish Kings of old Granada, as he answered them, "I kneel to none but God." My mother uttered one sharp cry of pain and swooned into a surcease of agony. They fired; and though each bullet pierced him through he did not fall, but for a moment gazed with all the fierce splendor of an eagle's eye upon them; then deliberately laid himself upon the ground, and there died like a King. For every drop of his warm blood, I swore to kill a Spaniard.

Mother and myself spent that night in a dungeon of old Moro Castle. Morning came, and with it came Castillo Bernardo—she whom I loved. She came, and gaining entrance, stealthily slipped through the bars some implements for our escape. But innocense is never wary; the guard's keen eyes detected my Castillo's scheme; and prison being her reward, we three were put in chains. Aye, sir, before high heaven, there is no pride or power that struts and vaunts itself as military power! Kings may conquer with it, but it cannot make them, nor their nations great.

Oh, gentle priest! Your ears have heard the robber's crime confessed, and listened to the tale the murderer's told; and startled in horror when queenly virtue whispered of her fall; but never did a priest of God command a subject to a task like mine. Aye, sir, "man's inhumanity to man" makes hell to frown where heaven should smile. Oh, Spain, what crimes were committed in thy name!

That night some secret deputies conducted me, my mother, and Castillo to a secluded, dismal place far out by the sea, and there revealed to us the verdict of a court we never saw: One prisoner should die; my mother, or Castillo. And I must act as judge. Priest, you shudder! I shudder, too, when I think of their awful fate. My precious mother, or my own Castillo doomed, and I to name the one to die a death like

that; and which should live in unmeasured misery. Oh, horrible horrors! I can now see their white arms out stretched to me. Oh, dead, immortal heroes; you whose brave hearts made historic the Alhambra; where of old the lights shone o'er fair women and brave men, are you not ministering spirits to-night?

Oh, but listen, priest! If I refused to make decision, then both should die. O holy church; and you who teach people holy things to do! What was the holy thing for me to do? They placed a sea-shell and a death-cap in my hands; the shell I must place at the feet of the one I would save; the cap must hide the face of the one I condemned.

Can you believe it father, when I took the sea-shell in my fingers, a clammy sweat poured on it from my hands. When I touched the cap an icy shiver seized my soul, and my body seemed cold as death. I dashed it to the ground and stamped and spat upon it in my fury; and I cursed the hired servants of Spanish power. Castillo pulled my sleeve and whispered, "I am youngest, let me die." My mother said, "I am oldest, let me die." And deep in my heart there arose, "I am strongest, let me die." But this boon the guards denied me. Then when I swore I never would make choice between the two, quick and sure the answer came, "If you do not make choice between the two, then both their bodies will be cut to pieces and fed to swine."

Father, what could I do then. They gave me one minute more to decide. I felt my heart beat through my eager eyes, while gazing upon these two angels of my heart's best love—they were so beautiful and pure, it seemed to me they could not die. What could I do, good priest; what could I do? In some mechanical, half-conscious way I placed the shell—where would you have placed it, priest? I placed it at my mother's feet. I placed it there because—well, because she was my mother. Then Castillo made a cross and gazed in willing resignation far out beyond the ocean and the stars, and gave her soul back to God. I snatched the shell from where it lay and placed it at Castillo's feet. I placed it there because—well, because she was to be my wife. But, priest, my mother's smile of approbation seemed to mock the love I bore her, and I snatched the shell again, and with frantic, supernatural energy I crushed into a thousand pieces in my hand. Ah, priest, my grip was like an iron vise, and

my muscles were like steel cords; and when the guard approached to place the death caps on those sacred heads I loved, with a supernatural power I broke the chains that bound my feet, and quick as thought I snatched his sword and drove it through his heart, then grasped his gun and while holding his dying body up as a breast-work, killed Weyler's servidors. Yes, killed them all, and cried for more to feed my vengeance on.

DAUNTLESS.

Arthur Weir.

Suggestions—This dramatic recitation should be begun with a dark voice. The young patriot should be characterized as a true hero, while Haynau's words should be gutteral and sarcastic. The opportunity for mental picturing is great, and its successful delivery requires strong dramatic action.

Ah! He is dead. A brave sad story clings about the memory of this dauntless man—a tale that strips war's tinsel off and brings its horrors out, as only history can. You fain would hear it? Then rob your eyes of all their tears, drive feeling from your soul, forget love, honor, all that good men prize, and o'er your heart hate's sullen waters roll.

Within a peaceful town he dwelt in youth—his sister's hero and his mother's pride; the soul of honor, the abode of truth, beloved and reverenced on every side. He had a sweetheart, lovely as the day—a gentle maid who knew not half his worth, who loved the sunshine, and who shrank away from sorrow, and forever followed mirth. They were but young, and hope's mirage upreared in their warm hearts its rosy places; they deemed the real, and longing, only feared life was too short for all the promised bliss.

And then came war, blood-spattered, cruel as hell, and clamored with its iron voice for life—mother and sister and the wedding bell, the hero left and hastened to the strife. For liberty he struck in vain, but fell a captive in his earliest affray; with threatening death, fierce Haynau bade him tell where at, and in what way the patriots lay. "I will not tell," he cried, with eyes aflame, "Do what thou wilt with me, I will not bring death to my land and soil, my honored name—from these sealed lips thou canst no secret bring." His captor

only laughed. "He croweth well. Go bring his mother and sister here, and they shall die if he refuse to tell." The hero answered not, but first felt fear.

The brutal soldiers to the brutish court dragged the women, and they stood over-awed, each to the other clinging for support, and praying in their misery to God. The feel decree the shrinking creatures heard, and long in vain essayed in vain to make reply, for their weak speech could find no fitting word to bear the burden of their agony. Tears came at last. The brutal Haynau smiled, but all too soon. Weeping, the mother said, "Be not thy country's traitor; oh, my child! Too old am I the loss of life to dread." Then spake the sister: "Brother mine, be brave. Life hath no charms if with dishonor bought. Think not of us—our bleeding country save—life is so short at best, death matters not."

"He hath a sweetheart," Haynau said again, "go bring her forth." And they brought her there, weeping with fear and moaning low with pain, amid the golden showers of her hair. She heard her doom ,and, as one stricken dead, with a great cry she to the earth fell prone. "Oh, God," the hero shrieked, and turned his head. Loud Haynau laughed: "Touched, oh, thou heart of stone." Then from the earth she sprang, frenzied with fear, into her lover's arms, and kissed his cheek and stroked his hair, and called him "love" and "dear," and prayed him for her sake to yield and speak. He thrust her from him, clasped her form in his lithe arms again, and then once more repulsed her gently; and the deadly storm that raged within him smote him to the floor. Groping, he rose and spoke. None knew his voice; it grated like the hinges of a tomb. "Oh, darling, it must be—I have no choice—thou wouldst not have me bring my country's doom?" Haynau made sign. "Away with her," he cried. They seized their prey, but life to her was sweet, and, bounding from the soldiers at her side, moaning, she crouched, and clasped her lover's feet. "Oh, for the love you bear me, save my life! Tell what he asks, and we will fly this place, into some unknown land, where all this strife shall be forgotten in love's long embrace."

He made no answer, save by bending low and kissing her damp brow. They raised their prize, and bore her to the door, as pale as snow, with all her soul outwelling from her eyes. But here she turned, calm in her death despair,

and in a voice, metallic in its hate, "My dying curse be on you everywhere, false love," she cried, "who sends me to my fate." There was a silence, then a fusillade of musketry, a woman's screams and cries. A scuffling, a meeting of blade with blade; the hero in his blood on the floor dies.

A MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

E. A. Poe.

Suggestions—We have so arranged this selection that its length does not destroy it for a recitation. The strange, weird, tragical story requires a strong dramatic delivery to make it successful.

True. Nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say I am mad? Hearken, and observe how calmly I can tell you the story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye; yes, that was it. One of his eyes resembled a vulture's eye—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. It was not the old man who frenzied me; but this evil eye. I had got so that when in his presence I could see nothing but that demon eye. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold and it froze the very marrow in my bones. It drove me wild, and I made up my mind to kill the old man, and thus rid myself of that eye forever.

The old man's time had come. The hour was about midnight. I could not harm the old man unless I could see that hideous eye, so with a loud yell I turned on the lantern and leaped into his room. The light fell on that eye. He shrieked once—only once. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so nearly done; but for many minutes his heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased; and the old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. I placed my hand over the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsa-

tion. He was dead. His evil eye would trouble me no more.

If you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the body.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as mid-night. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and these officers had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, for what had I to fear. I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them to rest here from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own chair over the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of my victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at east. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and gained definiteness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked on more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased; what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much like a sound a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently; but the noise steadily in-

creased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why should they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh, God! what could I do? I foamed, I raved, I swore. I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all, and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard; they suspected; they knew. They were making a mockery of my horror. This I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony. Anything was more tolerable than this derision. I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer. I felt that I must scream or die—and now again, hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more. I admit the deed; tear up the planks. Here! here; it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

THE POWER OF HABIT.

John B. Gough.

Suggestions—This is wonderfully dramatic. It requires a good knowledge of acting to give it successfully. The lines uttered by the boy in the boat should sound like they were coming from off the water. Those uttered by those along the bank should be suited to their position in the scene. But the last lines of the boys in the boat should be changed to the position of the reciter on the rostrum, who suits the action to the words. The last line again changes the position of the reciter to that of a looker-on; but it is intensely dramatic. A run forward with both hands upraised, the whole body tense, and shrieking the words, is a very effective ending.

One day while riding along the broad highway that leads from Buffalo down to the Niagara Falls I saw three young men launch their boat on the Niagara river. Along the river's edge were men, women and children, fishing, picnicing, and enjoying a day's outing in balmy June. These young men set out on a pleasure sail; oars, sails, and helm in proper trim; the delightful breeze, the ripple at the bow and the silvery wake that is left behind, add to their enjoyment. All nature seemed to add to their pleasure, as they glide down the stream. They kept about even with my carriage drawn by

two fine steeds. Suddenly some one from the bank cries out, "Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Yes, we know of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get too near." On I went, watching them all the time; and on they went with the swift current. Again some one on the bank cries out, "Young men, ahoy!" "Well, what is it?" "The rapids are below you—the rapids." "Ah, yes we know; but have no fears. Before we get to the danger point we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, up with the helm and steer to the shore. Time enough yet." So, on they go; and a moment later another call meets their ears, "Young men, ahoy there! Beware! beware! You are in the rapids!" "Oh God! Boys, see the water foaming all around! See how fast we pass that point! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sails! up with the helm; now turn! pull—quick, quick, quick—pull hard; pull for your lives; pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords, on your brow! Oh God, it is too late! too lote!" Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

OLD ACE.

Fred Emerson Brooks.

Suggestions—This is one of the most beautiful selections in print. Most of it should be given with a dash and the spirit of a race. Use a bright, cheerful voice, except where the characters speak. Give to each of them a separate and distinct voice. An excellent opportunity for facial expression and acting. Properly delivered, it always is a success.

Can any pleasure in life compare with a charming drive in the balmy air? A buggy light with shimmering wheel; springs whose resistance you barely feel; a spirited horse of royal breed with just a little more style and speed than any you meet, and it matters not if his gate be a pace or a swinging trot.

The tassel sways on the graceful whip; you grasp your lines with a tighter grip; your horse is off for a splendid dash and needs no touch of the urging lash. You feel the puff of the startled air; it floats his mane and it lifts your hair. The hoof marks time in its measured beat, for the swelling nostrils that scorn defeat.

One glorious day in the balmy spring, Jack Dorr was out with his new horse, King. Though both were rich, it was his design to buy him a faster horse than mine. By his side the sweetest girl in town, of handsome features and eyes so brown that gazing in where the lashes curled was like the view of another world, where the angel lives and the angel sings; and she was one that had dropped her wings and come to earth just to let men see how sweet the angels in heaven may be. I envied the breeze its constant bliss of passing her cheek and stealing a kiss.

I loved that girl when I was young, but getting older I'd lost my tongue. I learned in college Latin and Greek, but Cupid's language I could not speak, while Jack was perfect in Cupid's art, the only language he knew by heart. I envied Jack in his ride that day, and jogged old Spot in a leasure way that two-mile drive to the sulphur spring, to test the speed of his new horse, King.

Jack took the lead and it touched his pride, for the fastest horse and the fairest bride had been his boast. Did I pass him by? My heart, I reckon, could answer why. I'm almost certain I lost that race by lagging behind to look at Grace.

Jack seemed more proud of his horse that day than he was of Grace, which made me say: "Be sure of your game before you boast, from dead defeat may rise a ghost. I'll race you back to town," said I, "for Gracie's glove." But he made reply: "What use to you is the senseless glove from the soft white hand of the girl I love? Suppose you win," he laughed in my face, "you get the mitten and I get Grace." Said I: "No trophy would I prize"—and I caught a look from her soft brown eyes that drove the rest of it out of my head. I don't remember just what I said.

Jack laughed away until his eyes were wet. "Increase the wager, I'll take the bet." "My glove," said Grace, "and the hand within shall be the prize of the one to win." I looked at Jack but he didn't chaff, he didn't smile nor he didn't laugh. "Must I then race you for such a bride," said Jack, "and carry the load beside?"

"I'll carry," said I, "the precious load." Her bright eyes flashed and her fair cheeks glowed. She took her seat with little ado; I tucked the robe and my heart in too. Said I:

"Old Spot," as I stroked his neck and rubbed his nose and loosened his check, "she's Bob's own Grace if you do your best." He pricked his ears just as if he guessed the time had come when his master's need had staked all happiness on his speed.

When all was ready, Grace shouted "go," a word both horses seemed to know. You heard the hoof with its measured sway, pacing along the great highway. You saw the swell of the panting side, the pink that glows in the nostril wide. I knew Old Spot, if he kept that pace, would win my choice of the human race. No word was spoken between the two; the tongue is silent when hope is new. A mile, a mile and a half we sped, and still Old Spot was a neck ahead.

Jack touched his horse with the tassled whip; then Gracie, pursing her rosy lips, uttered a sound like a lover's kiss—vss-ss, vss-ss. The world is moved by a sound like this. To urge a horse, a capital plan, and often used to encourage man; but she had never dreamed she had let me in to her fond desire that I should win.

The only time in the race she spoke was when, over urged, Jack's trotter broke. "He's running his horse and that's not fair." Then blushing up to her auburn hair, she grabbed the whip from my willing hand, a move that Jack seemed to understand, for she raised it high, as much as to say: Well, running's a game that two can play. So he brought him down to an honest trot, but he couldn't keep up with dear Old Spot, who forged ahead when he saw the whip and passed the stake with never a skip.

On through the village he kept his speed, for I was too happy to mind the steed; he would not stop when the race was run, but started home with the prize he'd won, nor stopped till he reached his farm house gate, where good old mother was sure to wait.

I know the horse is a trifle old, but you can't buy him with all your gold. My Gracie loves him and pats his neck, and says he's the best card in the deck, and rubs his nose till he kisses her face. She has changed his name to dear Old Ace, and smilingly says: "It's the proper thing, for it takes the Ace to beat the King." As she purses her lips for the well known smack, I'm glad the Queen didn't take the Jack."

OUR CASEY AT THE BAT.

As adapted and recited by Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—This selection, containing the changes we have made, is capable of winning the audience. There is opportunity for splendid action, and should be given with the spirit of enthusiasm and excitement that exists in an audience and players in a great ball game.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place; there was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face. And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat—no stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt, five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt. Then while the New York pitcher ground the ball into his hip, defiance gleamed in Casey's eyes, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

'Twas the day they played "The Giants" and the score stood ten to eight; two men were on the bases, and great Casey at the plate. "Swipe her, Casey," yelled the "rooters" and again he doffed his cap; three to win and two to tie, and Casey at the bat.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurling through the air, and Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there. Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar, like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore. "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand; and it's likely they'd have killed him, had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; he stilled the rising tumult—he bade the game go on. He signalled to Sir Timothy, once more the spheroid flew; but Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud," cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "fraud." But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, and they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate; he pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate. And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go; and now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

He struck the ball at its center, it cleared the big town lot; it sailed above the high church tower—in vain the fielders sought; and Casey didn't even run, he stopped awhile to talk: the game was his. 'Mid deafening cheers, he came 'round in a walk.

THE GLADIATOR.

Suggestions—This selection requires a strength, force, energy and magnetism to make it effective. The audience must not only hear and understand, but they must be made to feel the power of the reciter

Stillness reigned in the vast amphitheater, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious enclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending, as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eyes of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offence? Why, forsooth! I am a Christian. But know ye, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enor-

mous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eye quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing and with the quickness of lightning leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheater, as the enraged animal mad with anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt his hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe aware of his design, precipitated himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist and regaining his falchion which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart

of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

DEATH BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Geo. Lippard.

Suggestions—In this selection the voice should be dark in form and orotund timbre. The words of Arnold should be asperated, and some of them whispered. It requires strong facial expression and intense dramatic acting.

Fifty years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the City of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes—vivid, burning unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face—something so full of unnatural loneliness—unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart. "Will that faith give me

back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported as a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child."

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring in his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear: "Now help me, priest; help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child. I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear."

The awe stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb beats the death watch, in the shattered wall, "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to te dead; "silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town—we will meet there in victory or die—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow and Quebec is ours!"

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips he stands there; ah! what a hideous picture of despair; erect, livid, ghastly; there for a moment, and then he falls—he is dead. Who is this strange man lying there alone in this rude garret—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse—this man whose memories seem to link something with heaven and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolled that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with

thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to Benedict Arnold! And there in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of the patriot and traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there to sever that good right arm from the corpse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past. For that right arm struck many a blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain and Saratoga, that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.

BEN HUR'S CHARIOT RACE.

Lew Wallace.

Suggestions—The successful delivery of this selection requires that the force and power of the voice be reserved for the climax; but from the beginning to the climax should be quick and spirited. The descriptive gesturing should thoroughly indicate the race around the track. From the words, "That moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs," there is an increase of all the powers of delivery, until the words, "On, Atair! On, Rigal! On, Antares!" is reached; and this tremendous power must be maintained until the words, "'Tis done! 'Tis done!" is reached, when the voice and action gradually calms down to the end.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp . The starters, one for each chariot, leaped down, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six contesting fours—the Corinthians', Messala's, the Athenions', the Byzantines', the Sidonion's, and Ben Hur's—and up the vast assemblage rose, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited, this the moment of supreme interest.

Each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. With all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. The crossing

was about 250 feet in width, and quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. The fours neared the rope together. Ben Hur was on the extreme left of the six. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look, and saw the soul of the man, cunning, cruel, desperate, in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In that brief instant all his former relations with Messala came vividly before him. First happy childhood, when, loving and beloved, they played together. Then manhood that brought a change in Messala, and the Roman's inborn contempt of Jews asserted itself and broke the friendship. It was Messala's influence that had banished him to the galleys for life, that had consigned his mother and sister to an uncertain fate, whose very uncertainty was more torturing than their certain death would have been. It was his own victory that had released him from the galley life, where Messala even now supposed him to be, released him in time to take vengeance against Messala for his cruelty.

Ben Hur felt his own resolution harden at these thoughts. At whatever cost he would humble his enemy. He saw that Messala's rush would if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall. It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it; Ben Hur yielded the wall for the time. Just then the trumpeter blew a signal vigorously. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of the one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. The Roman shook out his lash, loosened the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

Ben Hur drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trail of his opponents, and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. The pedestal of the three pillars there made a stone wall in the form of a half circle, around which the course bent. Making this turn was considered the most telling test of a charioteer. A hush fell over the circus; so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were heard. Then, it would seem, Messala ob-

served Ben Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and gave the Arab steeds of Ben Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter. The silence deepened, and the boldest held his breath. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love. The affrighted four sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. The chariot trembled with a dizzy lurch, but Ben Hur kept his place, and gave the horses free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only; on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. Even Messala with all his boldness felt it unsafe to trifle further.

On whirled the cars. Three rounds were concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben Hur moved with him side by side; still the competitors followed as before. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened, and men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near. The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was first changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

"A hundred sestetii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans! There was no reply.

"A talant, or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

"I will take thy sestetii," answered a Roman youth.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons then look at the Jew!"

"By Hercules!" replied the youth, "I see, I see! If the gods help him not, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet! Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

If it were true that Messala had gained his utmost speed,

he was slowly but certainly beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. The good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound. They screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with their wagers. Ben Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car! All the factions except the Romans joined hope in him, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben Hur! Ben Hur!" they shouted, "Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let Messala not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balcony they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him. Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; the Roman genius was still supreme. On the three pillars only 600 feet away were fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Ben Hur leaned forward over his Arabs and gave them the reins. Out flew the many folded lash in his hands; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them along side the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakenings portended. He was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben Hur had to cross the track in a forward direction. The thousands on the benches understood it all.

The people arose and leaped, and shouted and screamed. But above the noises of the race arose one voice, that of Ben Hur, calling to his steeds.

"On Atair! On, Rigal! On Antares! Good horse! Oho! Aldebaran! I hear them singing in their tents. I hear the children singing and the women singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigal, Aldebaran, victory! and the song will never end. Well done! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting? 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! we have o'erthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha! ha! steady! The work is done! soho! Rest!"

And Ben Hur turned the goal of victory, and the race was won!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

J. B. O'Reilly.

Suggestions—This selection is one of the greatest of the age. Its successful delivery requires a strong, powerful voice strongly colored with superstition. The curse should be delivered with the voice low in pitch, but strong in force, awe-inspiring and strong in emotion.

Long, long ago, from Amsterdam a vessel sailed away, as fair a ship as ever rode amidst the dashing spray. Upon the shore were tearful eyes, and scarfs were in the air; as to her o'er Zuyder Zee they waft adieu and prayer. Her captain is a stalwart man—an iron heart has he—from childhood's days he sailed upon the rolling Zuyder Zee: He nothing feared upon the earth, and scarcely heaven feared, he would have dared and done whatever mortal man had dared; he turned him from the swelling sail, and gazed upon the shore—Ah! little thought the skipper then' twould meet his eyes no more.

Away, away, the vessel speeds, but sea and sky alone are round her as her course she steers across the torrid zone. Away, away, the North Star fades, the Southern Cross is high, and myriad gems of brightest beam are sparkling in the sky. The tropic winds are left behind; she nears the cape of Storm, where awful tempests sit enthroned in wild and dread alarm, where ocean in his fury, heaves aloft his foaming crest, and races past the slender ship that rides upon his breast. Fierce swelled the winds and waves around the Dutchman's gallant craft, a crested mountain struck the ship, and like a frighted bird a pleading voice within the

gale—his better angel spoke, but fled before his scowling look. Then mast-high billows broke around the trembling, fated ship; the crew with terror paled, but Vanderdecken never flinched, nor 'neath the thunders quailed. With folded arms and stern-pressed lips, dark anger in his eye, he answered back the wrathful frown, that lowered o'er the sky. With fierce defiance in his heart, and scornful look of flame he spoke, and thus with impious voice blasphemed God's holy name: "Howl on, ye winds! ye tempests, howl! your rage is spent in vain; despite your strength, your frowns, your hate, I'll ride upon the main; defiance to your idle shrieks! I'll sail upon my path; I cringe not for thy Maker's smile—I care not for his wrath!"

He ceased. An awful silence fell; the tempest and the sea were hushed in sudden stillness by the Ruler's dread decree. The ship was riding motionless within the gathering gloom; the Captain stood upon the deck and heard his awful doom. The hapless crew were on the deck in swooning terror prone—They, too, were doomed—their heart's blood froze! in angered thunder tone the judgment words swept o'er the sea—"Go, wretched! accursed! condemned! Go sail forever on the deep by shrieking tempests hemmed. No home, no port, no calm, no rest, no gentle fav'ring breeze shall ever greet thee. Go, accursed! and battle with the seas! Go, braggart! struggle with the storm, nor ever cease to live, but bear a million times the pangs that death and fear can give. Away! and hide thy guilty head, a curse to all thy kind who ever see thee struggling, wretch, with ocean and with wind. Away, presumptious worm of earth! Go teach thy fellow worms, the awful fate that waits on him who braves the King of storms!"

'Twas o'er. A lurid lightning flash lit up the sea and sky around and o'er the fated ship; then rose a wailing cry from every heart within her, of wild anguish and despair; but mercy was for them no more—it died away in air. Again the lurid light gleamed out—the ship was still at rest, the crew were standing at their posts, with arms across their breast; still stood the captain on the deck, but bent and crouching now, he bowed beneath that fiat dread, and o'er his swarthy brow swept lines of anguish, as if he a thousand years of pain had lived and suffered. Then across the heaving, angry main the tempest shrieked triumphant, and the angry waters

hissed their vengeful hate against the toy they oftentimes had kissed. And ever, ever through the storms that hapless crew must speed; they try to round the Stormy Cape, but never can succeed. And oft when gales are wildest, and the lightning's vivid sheen illumines the ocean's anger, still the phantom ship is seen, unrelenting, unforgiving, and 'tis said that every word of his blasphemous defiance still upon the gale is heard. But heaven help the ship near which that dismal sailor steers —the doom of those is sealed to whom that phantom ship appears: they'll never reach their destined port—they'll see their homes no more—They who see the flying Dutchman never, never reach the shore.

HOW SALVATOR WON.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Suggestions—This beautiful selection should begin with a good deal of feeling and emotion in the voice. The love for his horse and the desire to win, is apparent. These emotions grow stronger and stronger until the climax is reached. A great deal of action is required in urging the horse at the end of the race.

The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone, more proud than a monarch who sits on a throne. I am but a jocky, but shout upon shout went up from the people who watched me ride out, and the cheers that rang forth from the warm-hearted crowd were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed. My heart thrilled with pleasure, so keen it was pain, as I patted my Salvator's soft silken mane; and a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand as we passed by the multitude down to the stand. The great waves of cheering came billowing back, as the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the track; and he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle. Our noble opponent well trained for the tussle that waited us there on the smooth shining course. My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse, as a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight—Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean limbed and bright, stood taking the plaudits as only his due and nothing at all unexpected or new.

And then, there before us the bright flag is spread, there's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's ahead; at

the sound of the voices that shouted 'a go!' he sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow. I tighten the reins on Prince Charlie's great son, he is off like a rocket, the race is begun, half way down the furlong, their heads are together, scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather. Past grand stand and judges, in neck-to-neck strife, ah, Salvator, boy! 'tis the race of your life. I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge—I feel him go with a leap and a surge; I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride, while backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside. We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is passed—'twixt leader and chaser the daylight is cast; the distance elongnates, still Tenny sweeps on, as graceful and free limbed and swift as a fawn. His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained, a noble opponent, well born and well trained.

I glanced o'er my shoulder, hah, Tenny, the cost of that one second's flagging will be—the race lost. One second's weak yielding of courage and strength. And the daylight between us has doubled its length. The first mile is covered, the race is mine—no! For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow. He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun, and the two lengths between us are shortened to one. My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump—for Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump; and now, with new courage, grows bolder and bolder, I see him once more running shoulder to shoulder. With knees, hand and body I press my great steed. I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed! Oh, Salvator! Salvator! List to my calls, for blow of my whip will hurt both if it falls. There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in storm, as close to my saddle leaps Tenny's great form; one more mighty plunge, and, with knee, limb, and hand, I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand; we are under the string now—the great race is done—and Salvator Salvator, Salvator won!

Cheer hoar-headed patriarchs; cheer loud, I say, 'tis the race of the century witnessed to-day! Though ye live twice the space that's allotted to men, ye never will see such a grand race again. Let the shouts of the populace roar like the surf, for Salvator, Salvator, king of the turf! He has rivalled the record of thirteen long years, he has won the first place in the vast line of peers; 'twas a neck-to-neck contest, a grand, honest race, and even his enemies grant him the place; down into

the dust let old records be hurled, and hang out 2:05 in the gaze of the world.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

Suggestions—Although this is a dream, it must be given with all the vividness of an actual occurrence. It should be made intensely dramatic, and permit no thought to reach the audience that it is a dream. But when his wife calls to him and awakens him, the whole nature of the reciter changes. Then is the time to make the audience clearly understand that it was a dream.

The first thing that I remember was Cario tugging away, with the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as much as to say: "Come, master, awake and tend to the switch, lives now depend upon you, think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you're sending them to; think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of the father and son, think of the lover, and loved one, too, think of them, doomed every one to fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch, murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so; I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below; I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned, but what was that noise in the distance? that—I could not understand! I heard it at first distinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum, then nearer and nearer it came to me, and made my very ears hum; what is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain? What whistle's that yelling so shrilly, oh, God! I know now, it's the train! We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place; so I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face, its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch; the train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch. I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track, the switch resisted my efforts—some devil seemed holding it back. On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster and shot by my face like a flash; I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious were impossible for me

to tell. My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives, and I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives; mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild. Fathers losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child; children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped, and lips that could form naught but 'Mama,' were calling for one perhaps dead. My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away. When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay a little white hand, she who owned it was doubtless an object of love to one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above; I tenderly lifted the rafters and quickly laid them one side, how litle she thought of her journey, when she left for this last fatal ride; I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life, turned her little face up to the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou hast shatered my pride, my life will be one endless night time, with Maggie away from my side; how often we've sat down and pictur'd the scenes in our long, happy life, how I'd strive thro' all of my life time to build up a home for my wife. How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest, when I would do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest; how one of God's blessings might cheer us, when some day I p'r'aps should be rich, but all of my dreams have been shattered, while I lay there asleep at the switch. I fancied I stood on my trail, the jury and judge I could see, and every eye in the court room was steadfastly fixed upon me; and fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing red, and the next thing I heard were the words, "Hung by the neck until dead."

Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress. And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? you've had a bad nightmare, I guess!" And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch, I'd been taking a nap in my bed and had not been asleep at the switch.

THE VAGABONDS.

J. T. Trowbridge.

Suggestions—This recitation should be given a didactic and colloqual delivery. It requires a great amount of acting to make it successful. To merely recite it is to make a failure of it. Live, feel and act the thoughts and it will win.

We are two trav'lers, Roger and I. Roger's my dog, come here, you scamp. Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye! over the table, look out for the lamp! The rogue is growing a little old, five years we've tramped through wind and weather. And slept out doors when nights were cold and ate and drank, and starved together. We've learned what comfort is, I tell you! a bed on the floor, a bit of rosin, a fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow! the paw he holds up there's been frozen), plenty of catgut for my fiddle (this outdoor business is bad for the strings), then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle and Roger and I set up for kings! No, thank ye, sir—I never drink; Roger and I are exceedingly moral—aren't we Roger? see him wink, well somethin' hot then, we won't quarrel; he's thirsty too, see him nod his head? what a pity, sir that dogs can't talk, he understands every word that's said—and he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect, I've been so sadly given to grog, I wonder I've not lost the respect (Here's to you, sir?) even of my dog, but he sticks by me through thick and thin, and this old coat, with its empty pockets, and rags that smell of tobacco and gin, he'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets. There isn't another creature living would do it, and prove, thro' every disaster, so fond, so faithful, and so forgiving to such a miserable thankless master! No, sir, see him wag his tail and grin! By George! it makes my old eyes water! That is, there's something in this gin that chokes a fellow, but no matter! We'll have some music if you're willing, and Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!) shall march a little. Start, you villain! stand straight; 'bout face! salute your officer! Put up that paw! dress! take your rifle! (some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle, to aid a poor old patriot soldier! March, Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes when he stands up to hear his sentence. Now tell us how many drams it takes to honor a jolly new acquaintance. Five yelps—that's five; he's

mighty knowing! the night's before us, fill the glasses! Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going! some brandy—thank you—there! it passes!

Why not reform? that's easily said; but I've gone thro' such wretched treatment, sometimes forgetting the taste of bread, and scarce remembering what meat meant, that my poor stomach's past reform; and there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm to prop a horrible inward sinking. Is there a way to forget to think? at your age, sir, home, fortune, friends, a dear girl's love, but I took to drink, the same old story; you know how it ends. If you could have seen those classic features—you needn't laugh, sir,—they were not then such a burning libel on God's creatures, I was one of your han'some men. If you had seen her, so fair and young, whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the songs I sung when the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed that ever I, sir, should be straying from door to door, with fiddle and dog, ragged and penniless and playing to you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, a parson's wife; 'twas better for her that we should part—Better the soberest, prosiest life than a blasted home and a broken heart. I have seen her—once, I was weak and spent, on the dusty road a carriage stopped; but little she dream'd as on she went, who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped! You've set me talking, sir I'm sorry; it makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story? is it amusing? you find it strange? I had a mother so proud of me! 'twas well she died before—Do you know if the happy spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below. Another glass and strong to deaden this pain, then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, aching thing in place of a heart? He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could, no doubt, remembering things that were—A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, and himself a sober, respectable cur. I'm better now, that glass was warming, you rascal, limber your lazy feet we must be fiddling and performing for supper and bed, or starve in the street. Not a very gay life to lead, you think? but soon we shall go where lodgings are free, and the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—the sooner the better for Roger and me!

BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY.

W. A. Eaton.

Suggestions—This dramatic selection begins in a conversational voice and so continues until the cry of the boy for help, then it becomes very fast and exciting. It requires strong dramatic acting to portray the part of the father in rescuing his boy.

"Do we have many accidents here, sir?" Well, no! but of one I could tell, if you wouldn't mind hearing the story, I have cause to remember it well. You see how the drawbridge swings open when the vessels come in from the bay, when the New York express comes along, sir! that bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass; a child sir, could manage it well; my brave little chap used to do it,—but that's part of the tale I must tell. It is two years ago this autumn, I'll never forget it, I'm sure; I was sitting at work in the house here, and the boy played just outside the door.

You must know that the wages I'm getting for the work on the line are not great, so I picked up a little shoemaking; and I manage to live at that rate. I was pounding away on my lapstone, and singing as blithe as could be. Keeping time with the tap of my hammer at the work I held on my knee. And Willie, my golden-haired darling, was tying a tail on his kite; his cheeks all aglow with excitement, and his blue eyes lit up with delight; when the telegraph bell at the station rang out the express on its way. "All right, father!" shouted my Willie, "remember I'm pointsman to-day."

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass, I heard the bridge swing on its way, and there came a cry from my darling; a cry that filled my heart with dismay. "Help, father! quick, help me," he shouted. I sprang through the door with a scream. His clothes had got caught in the windlass; there he hung o'er te swift, rushing stream. And there like a speck in the distance, I saw the fleet on-coming train; and the bridge that I thought safely fastened, unclosed and swung backward again. I rushed to my boy; ere I reached him he fell in the river below. I saw his bright curls on the water, borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river, but there was the onrushing train, and hundreds of lives were in peril, till that bridge was refastened again. I heard a loud shriek just behind me,

I turned, and his mother stood there, looking just like a statue of marble, with her hands clasped in agonized prayer. Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent while the train went headlong to its fate, or stop to refasten the drawbridge, and go to his rescue too late? I looked at my wife, and she whispered, with choking sobs stopping her breath, "Do your duty and heaven will help you to save our own darling from death!" Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass, and fastened the bridge with a crash, then, just as the train rushed across it, I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water, how I battled till hope almost fled, but just as I thought I had lost him, up floated his bright golden head. How I eagerly seized on his girdle, as a miser would clutch at his gold, but the snap of his belt came unfastened, and the swift stream unloosened my hold. He sank once again, but I followed, and caught at his bright, clustering hair, and biting my lip till the blood came, I swam with the strength of despair! We had got to the bend of the river, where the water leaps down with a dash, I held my boy tighter than ever, and steeled all my nerves for the crash. The foaming and thundering whirlpool engulfed us, I struggled for breath, then caught on a crag in the current, just saved for a moment, from death! and there, on the bank, stood his mother, and some sailors were flinging a rope; it reached us at last, and I caught it, for I knew 'twas our very last hope! And right up the steep rock they dragged us, I cannot forget, to this day, how I clung to the rope while my darling in my arms like a dead baby lay. And down on the greensward I laid him till the color came back to his face, and, oh, how my heart beat with rapture as I felt his warm, loving embrace! There, sir! that's my story, a true one. Though it's far more exciting than some, it has taught me a lesson, and that is, "Do your duty, whatever may come!"

THE POLISH BOY.

Suggestions—This tragical selection begins with an awe-inspiring voice. The mother's pleading for her boy gives opportunity for dramatic and pathetic acting. The boy's part must be heroically portrayed in both voice and action in reaching the tragical conclusion.

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill that cut like blades of steel, the air, causing the creeping blood to chill with

the sharp cadence of despair? Again they come, as if a heart were cleft in twain by one quick blow, and every string had voice apart to utter its peculiar woe. Whence came they? from yon temple where an altar, raised for private prayer, now forms the warrior's marble bed who Warsaw's gallant armies led. The dim funeral tapers throw a lustre o'er his brow, and burnish with their rays of light the mass of curls that gather bright above the haughty brow and eye of a young boy that's kneeling by. What hand is that, whose icy press clings to the dead with death's own grasp, but meets no answering caress? No thrilling fingers seek its clasp? It is the hand of her whose cry rang wildly, late upon the air, when the dead warrior met her eye outstretched upon the altar there. With pallid lip and stony brow she murmurs forth her anguish now. But hark! the tramp of heavy feet is heard along the bloody street; nearer and nearer yet they come, with clanking arms and noiseless drum. Now whispering curses, low and deep, around the holy temple creep; the gate is burst; a ruffian band rush in and savagely demand, with brutal voice and oath profane, the startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild, and to her bosom clasped her child, then with pale cheek and flashing eye shouted with fearful energy, "Back, ruffians, back, nor dare to tread too near the body of my dead; nor touch the living boy—I stand between him and your lawless band. Take me, and bind these arms, these hands, with Russia's heaviest bands and drag me to Siberia's wild to perish, if 'twill save my child!" "Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried, tearing the pale boy from her side, and in his ruffian grasp he bore his victim to the temple door. "One moment!" shrieked the mother, "one! will land or gold redeem my son? Take heritage, take name, take all, but leave him free from Russian thrall! Take these!" and her white arms and hands she stripped of rings and diamond bands, and tore from braids of long black hair the gems that gleamed like starlight there; her cross of blazing rubies last down at the Russian's feet she cast he stooped to seize the glittering store, uprising from the marble floor.

The mother with a cry of joy, snatched to her leaping heart the boy. But no! the Russian's iron grasp again undid the mother's clasp. Forward she fell with one long cry of

more than mortal agony. But the brave ehild is roused at length, and breaking from the Russians hold, he stands a giant in the strength of his young spirit fieree and bold. Proudly he towers; his flashing eye, so blue, and yet so bright, seems kindled from the eternal sky, so brilliant is its light, his curling lips and crimson cheeks foretell the thoughts before he speaks; with a full voiee of proud command he turned upon the wondering band. "Ye hold me not! no, no, nor ean! this hour has made the boy a man! I knelt before my slaughtered sire, nor felt one throb of vengeful ire. I wept upon marble brow, yes, wept! I was a ehild; but now—My noble mother on her knee, hath done the work of years for me!" He drew aside his broidered vest, and there, like slumbering serpent's crest, the jeweled haft of poniard bright glittered a moment on the sight. "Ha! start ye back! Fool! eoward! knave! think ye my noble father's glaive would drink the lifeblood of a slave? The pearls that on the handle flame would blush to rubies in their shame, the blade would quiver in thy breast, ashamed of such ignoble rest. No! thus I rend the tyrant's ehain, and fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment and the funeral light flashed on the jeweled weapon bright; another, and his young heart's blood leaped to the floor a crimson flood. Quick to his mother's side he sprang, and on the air his elear voiee rang; "Up, mother, up! I'm free! the choice was death or slavery. Up mother, up! Look on thy son! his freedom is forever won; and now he waits one holy kiss to bear his father home in bliss—one last embraee, one blessing—one! to prove thou knowest, approvest thy son. What! silent yet? Canst thou feel my warm blood o'er my heart congeal? Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head! what! silent still? Then art thou dead?—Great God, I thank Thee! Mother, I rejoiee with thee—and thus— to die!" One long, deep breath, and his pale head lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

"YES, I'M GUILTY."

J. M. Munyon.
As adapted and recited by Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—This is a pathetic and dramatic selection without many

equals. The pathetic lines must be in the dark sympathetic tones, and action to suit the thoughts. The last lines are emotionally sympathetic, and should be uttered very slowly.

He's like a preacher in his ways: He never drinks, nor swears, nor plays, but kinder sighs and weeps all day; 'twould break yer heart to hear him pray. Why, sir, many and many a night, when grub was scarce and I was tight, no food, no fire, no light to see when home was hell if hell there be, I've seen that boy in darkness kneel, and prayed such words as cut like steel; which somehow warmed and lit the room, and sorter chased away the gloom. Smile if you must, but facts are facts, and deeds are deeds, and acts are acts; and though I'm black as sin can be his prayers have done a heap for me, and make me think that God, perhaps, sent him on earth to save us chaps.

This man what squealed and pulled us in, he keeps a place called Fiddlers' Inn, where faiks, and snides, and lawless scamps connive and plot with thieves and tramps. Well, Tim and me, we didn't know just what to do or where to go, and so we stayed with him last night, and this is how we had the fight: They wanted Tim to take a drink, but he refused, as you may think, and told them how the flowing bowl contained the fire that killed the soul. 'Drink! Drink!' they cried, 'this foaming beer; 'twill make you strong and give you cheer. Let preachers groan and prate of sin, but give to us the flowing gin!' Then Tim knelt down beside his chair, and offered up this little prayer: 'Help me, dear Lord,' the child began, as down his cheeks the big tears ran, 'to keep the pledge I gave to you, and make me strong, and good, and true. I've done my best to do what's right, but, Lord, I'm sad and weak tonight. Father, mother, oh, plead for me—tell Christ I long with you to be!'

'Get up, you brat, don't pray 'round here,' the landlord yelled with rage and fear. Then caught Tim's foot and pulled his crippled leg, and then the sainted boy began to beg; he wrenched it hard, then threw it down. Oh, God! my blood began to bound. Then, like a brute, he kicked the lad—couldn't stand it judge; I was b'iling mad. I guess I must uv hurt his head, for I struck hard for the man that's dead.

No, he hain't no folks or friends but me his dad was killed in sixty-three. Shot at the front, where bursting shell and cannon sang their song of hell, and muskets hissed with fiery

breath, as brave men fell to their tune of death. I promised his father before he died, as the life-blood rushed from his wounded side, I promised him, sir, and it gave him joy that I'd protect his darling boy. I simply did what his father would, and helped the weak, as all men should. Yes, I knocked him down and blacked his eye, and used him rough I'll not deny; but think of it, Judge, a chap like him striking the likes of little Tim. If I did wrong send me below, but spare the son of comrade Joe. You forgive him; and me? Oh, no! A fact? God less you! Come, Tim, let's go."

THE LAST STRING BROKE.

Everett Ralston.

Suggestions—This is a thrilling recitation . The first part is bright and cheerful; but the pathetic parts require sad tones. The word "wolves" should be shouted at the top of the voice. The action of snapping of the strings should be indicated by a sound.

The dance is over and late is the night; the fiddler starts forth without guide or light. The weather is cold, he has far to go, and the road is covered with drifted snow. His home is distant, some seven miles good, but a shorter cut lies through the wood. "Great Heavens! what cold! I am chilled to the bone! Through the wood I'll go, through dark and lone." Ere long the light of the rising moon shed a few rays o'er the mid-night gloom. And all around him the cedars throw long-drawn shadows on the sheeted snow. Step by step he is plodding along while his merry heart is full of song. And he hears the clink as his pockets go up and down while he steps through the snow. His fiddle has earned him a goodly fee so he whistles an air quite merrily.

"Hark! what do I hear in the thicket there? I have startled from sleep some harmless hare!" But no! he stops and sees in surprise a pair of glittering fiery eyes. "A poor starving dog! But why do you show your teeth at me? 'Be off! I say go! What's this? another? one, two, three, four! Wild eyes all around me? more and more! Wolves! fierce, fiery, starving, wild and mad! God save me now! there's no help to be had!" And through the wood his cries of terror ring, "is there no one, no one that help will bring?" His hair stands on end; on every side he sees death threaten from jaws flung wide. He

thinks of his fiddle and quickly takes the friendly bow while his poor heart quakes. The fiddle he finds and touches the strings, far out through the forest a wild tune rings. It moans and wails like wild, weird thing: "Is there no one, no one, that help will bring?" The wolves in wonderment stand and gaze at his haggard face in blank amaze. They have hedged their helpless victim in, now let the music of death begin.

'Tis life while he plays, but death if he stops, or only a second his fiddle he drops. What an eldric din! what a hell-like strain he plays to the wolves, though writhing in pain. Never poor beggar drew bow such as he now a roistering tune, or wild melody; then a laugh, rough, grating, sonorous thing; then a piercing note—crack! goes a string! He shuddered and trembled in every limb while closer approached that death circle grim. One string is broken, but three yet remain. Alas! woe indeed! the next snaps in twain. Fainter and fainter the music grows now while cold drops of blood ooze forth on his brow. He doubles his force to keep the wolves back and quickly he hears another string crack! Like the soul's cry when meeeting its God, is the sound he draws from that one poor cord. The wolves came near, but with terrible stroke he drew his bow and the last string broke. Along with the sound that to silence went the fierce hungry howl of the wolves was blent. He saw them approach from every side; he felt the hot breath of jaws open wide. "Great God! in thy hands my poor soul I lay." And falling backward he fainted away. For aught that he knew his life work was done—a demoniac howl! A flash from a gun! A shot! then a second! The hand that drew on the bevy of howling wolves was true. And up came the hunters, twenty or so and scattered the wolves through the drifted snow. And he whom they saved as though from the dead awoke from his swoon as homeward they sped.

At the fiddler's door stands an image fair of the blessed virgin—and near it there is the instrument and the bow whose stroke saved the fiddler's life till the last string broke.

THE UNCLE.

H. G. Bell.

Suggestions—There is no selection more intensely dramatic than the Uncle. The mental picture should be complete in all its details: "In

my Uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother," the mental picture should be placed to the right hanging on the wall, and frequently referred to with gestures both of hand and eye. The Uncle has a seat between the boy and the picture. "Then on my mind a shadow fell" the hands should be about the head, for when "the damning thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a knife," the right hand comes down and strikes the body at the heart and moves in the act of cutting, while the left hand is quickly placed on the right; while the facial expression and body cringing must suit the thought. The voice for the boy's words should be dark, varying of course with the thoughts; while the Uncle's words should be spoken in a low, husky, gutteral voice. "He disappeared," and "He died," ʇuıɹ ɐ ıu pǝɹǝʇıɹ ǝq pɯouʇsper, loud enough of course for every one in the audience to hear. The old chest, in the mental picture, is also to the right of the Uncle, and he goes to it and stoops to touch the "secret spring," looking at the boy while doing so. "A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backwards gave," is best not spoken, but a heavy stamp of the foot accompanied by a slap of the hands rising and stepping back several strides, the hands going to the throat, choaking and writhing of the body, and on the words "will no one help or save?" give the stage fall, if there is a curtain to drop; otherwise fall to the knee. A nervous, magnetic, tensity is required.

I had an uncle once—a man of three score years and three, and when my reason's dawn began he'd take me on his knee, and often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me. He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought; but, it was said, in solitude, his conscience with him wrought; and there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought. There was not one in all the house, who did not fear his frown, save I, a little careless child, who gambolled up and down, and often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—my father was his brother, and all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other; and in my uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother. There was a curtain over it, 'twas in a darkened place, and few or none had ever looked upon my mother's face; or seen her pale expressive smile of melancholly grace. One night I do remember well. The wind was howling high, and through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily. I sat and read in that old hall; my uncle sat close by. I read but little understood the words upon the book, for with a sidelong glance I marked my uncle's fearful look, and saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook. A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange, unusual dread; his lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head; he gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him 'round, and drew aside the veil, that hung before my mother's face; perchance my eyes

might fail, but ne'er before that face to me, had seemed so ghastly pale. "Come hither boy!" my uncle said—I started at the sound; 'twas choked and stifled, in his throat, and hardly utterance found, "come hither, boy!" then fearfully he cast his eyes around. "that lady was thy mother once—thou wert her only child; O God! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and smiled, she smiled upon thy father, boy, 'twas that which drove me wild. He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine; I grudged not that;—he was the prop of our ancestral line, and manly beauty was of him a token and a sign. Boy! I had loved her too,—nay, more. 'Twas I who loved her first; for months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was nursed; he came—he conquered, they were wed. My air-blown bubble burst! Then on my mind a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife; the damning thought stuck in my heart and cut me like a knife, that she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife! I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea in vain—in vain—where'er I turned, my memory went with me; my whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

"I came again, I found them here—thou'rt like thy father, boy—he doted on that pale face there;I've seen them kiss and toy, I've seen him locked in her fond arms, wrapped in delirious joy. By heavens! it was a fearful thing to see my brother now, and mark the placid calm that sat forever on his brow, that seem in bitter scorn to say, I am more loved than thou. He disappeared—draw nearer, child! He died—no one knew how; the murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now; but there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the blow. It drove her mad, yet not his death—no—not his death alone; for she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there was none; no, boy! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone!

"I'm thy uncle, child—why stare so frightfully aghast? The arras waves, but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but the blast? I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are past. I'll show thee what thy mother saw, I feel twill ease my breast, and this wild tempest-laden night suits with the purpose best, come hither; thou hast often sought to open this old chest. It has a secret spring; the touch is known to me alone;" slowly the lid is raised, and now—"what see you

that you groan so heavily? That thing is but a bare-ribbed skelton." A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he backwards gave, "oh, God! it is my brother's self returning from the grave! His grasp of lead is on my throat, will no one help or save?"

BEN DEENE.

G. R. Blanchard.

Suggestions—Few recitations have the thrilling qualities of Ben Deene. Up to the time where the "axle broke," it is descriptive, requiring a strong, vigorous voice, pure in quality. When the axle breaks the recitation changes to the dramatic and so continues until "slept unwounded of blood." The action for the engineer in throwing on the air breaks, reversing, and giving her steam, may be learned by asking some engineerman. As a recitation, Ben Deene is almost perfect in its structure; and if the action is suited to the words accompanied with magnetic tensity, it is always a success.

The Pacific Express dashing into the West, should have left "Mountain Junction" at half past eight, but with pushing and switching a crippled night freight, she was an hour late. There were thirteen cars in her train, all told, and all of them filled. The schedule was fast, the night was steel cold; and the glittering daggers that flashed from the stars, cut the air into blasts as sharp as wolves teeth or like flying glass. They chilled the great boiler of the racer and toiler, stanch old "89" and though her engineer was the best on the line, (long-bearded Ben Deene), she wouldn't make steam, so he couldn't make time.

For nineteen miles—twelve near the river's side—the track was as straight as a railway can be 'till it reached a sharp curve near a leaning oak tree. Here the engineers always said: "Now let her glide," and make up the time perhaps lost on the climb. Down the "run" she flew with her thirteen cars, her driving wheels looking like million-rayed stars, surging on o'er the ground with loud thrumming bounds ran this metal muscled and steam-drinking hound. With hand on the lever, her brave engineer peered into the night through the dancing arc of her yellow head light; every muscle alert, with vigilant care untroubled by fear, to make up his time without mishaps or hurt.

He at last struck the curve near the "leaning Oak," had

just leaned out, proudly patting her cab, when an axle broke on her forward truck; she reeled for a second as if she were struck, then began to thump, and to bump, hump and jump over the live oak ties, as if they were stumps. Deene set the air brakes; he reversed; gave her steam; then, grasping her throttle as a drunkard a bottle and his hand were a vise, saw below him the river half filled with floe ice. How her speed sends her smashing on over the ties! Will she never stop! How she shakes and shivers! How every inch of his train seems to quiver! No! a glance back tells him each car runs as still as it did on the upward side of the hill. Good! only the engine is off the track—But she's off to the right! Great God, that's the side where the deep iced river rides. "Here Jack! climb this tank! Quick as thought, man, get back, and pull that pin when I reverse again, or when she goes over she'll pull 'em all in."

Stumbling over the wood, clamoring over coal as the engine limped, then staggered, now rolled, Jack Ford pulled the pin, just as "89" lunged down into the stream with a hissing plunge. But there stood the cars as still as if stopped at some signal switch when a red light's dropped. The fireman stood on the baggage car step peering into the stream where the engine leapt, as we fixedly stare in some aching dream. What is that creeps slowly over the tank from the half frozen flood? Then crawls like a worm up the stony bank? 'Tis the engineer covered with ice, while his blood flows fast through a cruel gash in his head, that is horribly red. But his great steadfast soul, supreme still it fled, illumined the blood as he whispered, "Jack, get a red light, somewhere; quick, run up the track—think—the east-bound express—I'm all right—hurry back."

As the two expresses stood nose to nose, Deene lay down between them, in frozen clothes. He had saved two trains—and babes, fair maidens, fond mothers, strong men, rode unchilled by the flood, slept unwounded of blood.

When the Omnipotent Ken scans eternity's realms to give crowns to true men, and the angel of record calls "Deene, engineer!" Can you doubt that then he will answer there as he did at the oak when the axle broke—"I am here."

LASCA.

F. Desprez.

Suggestions—This beautiful and thrilling recitation requires considerable skill to make it successful. The voice brightens and darkens, tender and beautiful tones, gutteral and aspirated, and will pass through a dozen qualities if well rendered. A dramatic climax should be reached on the words, "for we rode for our lives." The climacteric part begins on "was that thunder?" and continues until the other quoted lines are reached, when on the word "lives" the voice has reached its highest pitch and tensity. The last three words, "Lasca was dead," should be uttered with stifled sobs.

I want free life and I want fresh air; and I sigh for the canter after the cattle, the crack of the whips like shots in battle, the mellay of horns and hoofs and heads that wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads: the green beneath and the blue above, and dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca! Lasca used to ride on a mouse gray mustang, close to my side, with blue *serape* and bright-belled spur; I laughed with joy when I looked at her! little knew she of books or creeds; an *Ave Maria* sufficied her needs; little she cared, save to be by my side, to ride with me, and ever to ride, from San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide. She was as bold as the billows that beat, she was as wild as the breezes that blow; from her little head to her little feet she was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro by each gust of passion; a sapling pine, that grows on the edge, on a Kansas bluff, and wars with the wind when the weather is rough is like this Lasca, this love of mine. She would hunger that I might eat, would take the bitter and leave me the sweet; but once, when I made her jealous for fun, at something I'd whispered, or looked, or done, one Sunday in San Antonio, to a glorious girl on the Alamo, she drew from her clothing a dear little dagger and—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger! an inch to the left or an inch to the right, and I shouldn't be maundering here tonight; but she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound her torn *reboso* about the wound that I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count in Texas, down by the Rio Grande. Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown; her hair was darker than her eye; and something in her smile and frown, curled crimson lip, and instep high, showed that there ran in each blue vein, mixed with the milder Aztec strain, the vigorous vintage of old Spain.

The air was heavy, the night was hot, I sat by her side and

forgot—fogot; forgot the herd that were taking their rest; forgot that the air was close opprest, that the Texas norther comes sudden and soon, in the dead of night or the blaze of noon; that once let the herd at its breath take fright, and nothing on earth can stop the flight; and woe to the rider and woe to the steed, who falls in front of their mad stampede! Was that thunder? No, by the Lord! I sprang to my saddle without a word, one foot on mine, and she clung behind, away on a hot chase down the wind! But never was fox-hunt half so hard, and never was steed so little spared, for we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared in Texas down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on; there is one chance left, and you have but one—halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse; crouch under his carcass and take your chance; and if the steers in their frantic course don't batter you both to pieces at once, you may thank your star; if not good-bye to the quickening kiss and the long drawn sigh, and the open air and the open sky, in Texas down by the Rio Grande. The cattle gained on us and then I felt for my old six-shooter, behind my belt, down came the mustang, and down came we, clinging together, and—what was the rest? A body that spread itself on my breast two arms that shielded my dizzy head, two lips that hard on my lips were pressed; then came thunder in my ears as over us surged the sea of steers; blows that beat blood into my eyes, and when I could rise Lasca was dead.

THE GYPSY FLOWER GIRL.

Suggestions—This selection is more suited for a young lady, and for such, we know of no recitation more thrillingly dramatic. The first part, which is descriptive, should be given in a bright cheerful voice with a tinge of the weird. From the time Zingarella says, "sic, sic! upon them Zhock," the action becomes more frenzied to the close. The last lines, where she is fighting the lion, it is best to have the back to the audience. It will require much time in practice and training to work out all the fine action in this selection.

Buy my roses, senorita, you senor, you fair Inglees maiden, not like the mountain rose with perfume laden; only tame roses with the morning blush gone, like wild Zingarella whose lover has flown. What is my name? Wild Zingarella, daughter of the Nevadas am I called. Where was I born?

Aloft and beyond the eagle's nest, far up in yon Sierra Nevadas. My childhood was a wild-cat life. From early morn until the stars shone o'er the Mediterranean I nothing did but laugh and sing and dance with my wild gypsy belled tambourine and fling defiance in the face of death and swing far out from cliffs and mountain peaks where sea gulls build and wild-cats shriek, shrieks that my wild heart loved to hear, nor dreamed of such a thing as fear.

Fear? Climbing to where the Sierras lift their snow-draped foreheads against the skies, then swing off and down on a swift snowdrift to where the summer queen reigns and the ice king dies. Fear? Hunting the leopard in dark sunless glades, whipping the tiger with my wild-cat braids, 'midst the innermost dangers that beset gypsy tribes whose life is but strife and whose law is the knife, there was I born.

There lived I; there was I named Zingarella. Then Don Jose came; he of the Sierra Morena tribe; and camped near the grape hills of old Malaga; yes, Don Jose came; and I, I, Zinga, wild Zingarella, frowned even at his feet. But O, when love is not returned, meeting with looks but sternly kind, it turns the heart to fire, then ashes, and makes a ghost-walk of the mind. In the kingly majesty of Don Jose's presence, I stood as one entranced, bewildered yet joyously amazed at my too-fond heart's deep bewilderment; aye, as a broken winged bird I fluttered at his feet.

Then Egypta came, she of the proud Cordova tribe, and camped on the slopes above the roar of the sea; Egypta came, and dared to come between my love and me. She stood before my king, my idol, my adored, with imperious brow and mocking airs, she dared to stand before him, with her enchanting, snaky eyes aglow, unbashed, defiant and unawed she stood, and, and and Don Jose's heart and head O, I cannot, cannot, tell the rest; there, at the foot of yon mountain pass, Don Jose met Egypta. There she stole my lover from me, there she palmed her faith into his soul; she practiced on Don Jose's palms, and read his fate as foreordained with hers, and she forged him tales of their twin destinies till Jose' soul was at her feet, his every thought her slave: Thus woed they.

One dark and starless, storm-portending night, I, with my faithful Afric lion, sought forgetfulness in the mountains.

Sought in vain to cool my feverish burning blood. A sudden flame of lightning startled me; frightened my soul with a sense that I had wandered too near the purple cliffs of Malaga, too near the spot I hated most, and prayed to keep most distant from. My Zhock, my faithful Afric lion, my childhood's faithful lover and trusty, true, and only friend, my faithful Zhock—whose native fierce and fiery nature seemed now most like my own—was at my side. Thrice, as we moved along the slope, had Zhock growled hard, and snapped his glittering teeth and crouched, as 'twere to spring, and thrice had I, as fiercely, yet more silently, warned him back and down.

But when I heard Egypta's cursed kiss, and saw her snaky, coiling arms around Don Jose's neck, and heard him swear by Egypta's gods that he was her's alone—"Sic, sic! upon them Zhock;" I cried, with all my wild-cat nature boiling, seething, hissing hot, through all my veins, hissing through my lips and brain, "sic, sic! upon them Zhock!" I cried, and urged my Afric lion on. The thunderous heavens now stormed, and lightnings flashed, but storm nor thunder peals were aught to the roar of my kingly lion, or the flashing, blazing eyes of that defiant God-like man. Don Jose's long stiletto flashed athwart the lightning's lurid gleams. Thus armed he stood covering Egypta with his left, his right well sinewed arm upheld and daggered. Thus armed, he stood sternly, waiting the attack. Zhock sprang and bore Don Jose to the ground. "Back Zhock! back Zhock! back to thy mistress, back!" In vain I cried, I cried in vain through the glare of the storm. Lo, Egypta has siezed Don Jose's dirk, quickly it falls across my Afric lion's eyes. Zhock reluctantly releases his weakened hold, and sneaks away with hurt, blood blinded eyes. Now Don Jose and Egyptia fly toward the sea, thank heaven they reach the cliff, now disappear.

"Help! Why Zhock how you startled me; why, Zhock, how you glare; how you stare. Down, down, shame!" Ha, I know now, Zhock is mad. Hungry with the taste of Don Jose's blood, my Afric lion now returns, eager for mine own. Where shall I flee? Back down! sic! upon them Zhock, yonder Zhock, down by the sea. Zhock, how dare you, peace

Zhock, I am wild Zingarella, thy mistress, fair boy, down back, away, down, down!

I feel his thorny claws around my neck, his hot breath on my throat, thrice with my stiletto do I cut the monster down. Backward toward the cliffs of Malaga I fight my horrible way. I near the cliffs, keeping the frenzied beast at bay, backwardly fighting, parrying, evading with supernatural strength. I hold the treacherous wretch at bay. At length I reach the cliffs. Twice, thrice, my good steel pierces the raging, foaming lion's side. Then, with a prayer to the Christians' God, I plunge far down in the roaring tide. Zhock's eyes like crackling gypsy camp-fires shine, or as twin danger-signals out on the sea, with a roar of rage far out he leaps: But the Christian's God was kind to me; for e'en as Zhock sprang some hunter's gun spake, and Zhock from the sea will never awake.

THE OLD ACTOR'S STORY.

George R. Simms.

Suggestions—The first part of this thrilling story begins in a conversational voice. It requires intense emotion when his wife grows ill, and increases in intensity when he thinks she is dead. When the fire breaks out, it requires great physical action. His terrible agony in breaking out of the prison-cabin and rescuing his wife requires to be portrayed with artistic acting. The last paragraph ends in a conversational voice.

Mine is a wild, strange story,—the strangest you ever heard; there are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel, every word; it's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life; the scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and new-wed wife. You mustn't mind if I ramble, and lose the thread now and then; I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and men, for their lives lie all behind them and their thoughts go far away, and are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that awful night, but I see it again this evening, I can never shut out the sight. We were only a few weeks married, I and my wife, you know, when we had offer of Melbourne, and made up our minds to go. We'd acted together in England, traveling up and down with a strolling band of players, going

from town to town; we played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—and at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring, and swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with everything. How we smiled at that part of the service when I said, "I thee endow," but as to the "love and cherish," I meant to keep that vow. We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the show was good, when it wasn't we went without it, and did the best we could. We were happy, and loved each other, and we did the best we could, and laughed at the shifts we made—where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade.

Well, at last we go to London, and did pretty well for a bit; then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a flit,—stepped out one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call; but our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall. We got an offer for Melbourne,—got it that very week. Those were the days when thousands went over fortune to seek, the days of the great gold fever, and the manager thought the spot good for a "spec," and took us as actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—and we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the seas. We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough; we hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough. But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind the storm, when misery came upon us,—came in a hideous form. My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad that the doctor said she was dying,—I thought 'twould have sent me mad—dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for their prey, and the nearest land was hundreds—aye, thousands—of miles away.

She raved one night with a fever, and the next lay still as death, so still I'd to bend and listen for the faintest sign of breath. She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping with a smile on her thin wan face, she passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of grace. I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said, till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was dead. Dead! I wouldn't be-

lieve it! They forced me away that night, for I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad outright.

I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side, and all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I cried. They locked me away from my fellows,—put me in cruel chains—it seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains. I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he was a devil sent to gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart was rent. I spent that night with the heavy irons upon my wrists, and my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and then I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship afire!" caught up by a hundred throats, and over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats; then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood, and the place hot as a furnace, I could feel it where I stood. I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came back, and the timbers above me started, till right through a yawning crack I could see the flames shoot upward, seizing on mast and sail, fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die! die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering cry. Then suddenly, right upon me, the flames crept up with a roar, and their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door. I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death; I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath of the flames that danced around me like man-mocking fiends at play, and then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her in her berth that night: the flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible, lurid light. God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side; I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had died. In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my brain; I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain; Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies? The woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a mad man raving—I cried to her, "Nell!

my Nell!'" They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the seas. I clutched at her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still; I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave a giant's will. God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and wreck. up—up to the air and brought her safe to the untouched deck. We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time for one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sublime!

From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had brought her to life, and I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife! It was but a moment but ages seemed to have passed away, when a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there lay, just away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by; they had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky. I shouted one prayer to heaven, then called to my wife, and she tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was free; then over the burning ship's bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.

Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir; and yonder is my dear old wife. We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing by took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by. We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous trip, but ne'er such a scene together as we had on that burning ship!

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Colton.

Suggestions—This is a strong dramatic selection and requires the most artistic acting. The father's part must be thoroughly acted, and the child's leap from the high mast must be followed with both eye and hand.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the harbor of Mahon; a dead calm rested on the bay,—the waves to sleep had gone; when little Hal, the captain's son, a lad both brave and good, in sport, up shroud and rigging ran, and on the main truck stood.

A shudder shot through every vein,—all eyes were turned

on high! There stood the boy, with dizzy brain, between the sea and sky; no hold had he above, below; alone he stood in air. To that far height none dared to go,—no aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak,—with horror all aghast,—in groups, with pallid brow and cheek, we watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, and of the lurid hue—as riveted unto the spot stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped, "Oh God, Thy will be done." Then suddenly a rifle grasped; he aimed it at his son. "Jump far out boy, into the wave! Jump or I fire!" he said; "the only chance your life to save; jump, boy, jump!" He obeyed.

He sank, he rose, he lived, he moved, and for the ship struck out. On board we hailed the lad we loved, with many a manly shout. His father drew, in silent joy, those wet arms around his neck, and folded to his heart the boy,—then fainted on the deck.

JACK, THE ENGINEER'S SON.

Suggestions—This selection has been given with very great success. It gives excellent opportunities to display talent in handling the several characters. The pathetic ending must have strong impersonation.

When Jack Conner was promoted to the position of engineer on a Washington and Chattanooga railroad, which cuts the state of Tennessee, he moved his family into a pretty little cottage standing side by side with crippled Jerry Croner's on the hill just above the railroad track, in the town of Antioch. The trainmen were very well acquainted with the Antioch people, but there was not one among the crew, from conductor down, who didn't know little Jack Conner, the engineer's son. They called him "Little Jack;" and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out to see the little fellow sitting on the wood-pile watching his father's engine go by. Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father; and the little fellow would almost go wild over the big engine, with the glowing furnace, the great bell ringing and the shrill whistle.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the

neighbors said he had his mother's sunny, happy heart. But one day sorrow came to the Conner home. The engineerman was brought home with both eyes smashed, and one arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined wreck under the bridge across a Tennessee creek. Every man of the crew jumped and saved his life—conductor, fireman, brakemen,—all jumped,—but Jack.

"Jump, Conner, jump! jump for your life!" the trainmen called when the timbers began to crack and break. Jack had grasped the throttle and made reply, "You forget I'm the engineer!"

He was not quite dead when the boys found him in the ruined heap; and all the time they were working with him he kept praying just for life to get home and die with his wife and boy. His prayer was granted; he reached home alive, and there, with the two on earth he loved best, he said, "Jack, my little man, I leave your mother to you; take care of her, my boy. The company will do something for you by and by. Jack, stick to your engine and stand by your mother." Then his great soul took its flight to the God who gave it.

Little Jack turned to his mother and said, "Mother, I am here." It was then and there Little Jack's life began. She called him "My son," or "Mother's man," for "Baby Jack" no longer suited the resolute, courageous and brave heart that beat within him.

Every day when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate swing ajar, and a pair of little legs went hurrying down to the platform. "Pies! pies! fresh pies and cookies!" for a tiny, industrious little pedler he was; and with so many rough, big warm-hearted friends among the trainmen, little Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day when No. 6 pulled in, Engineer Robinson stepped down from his cab and caught the little fellow in is arms and tossed him up to the fireman, saying, "Catch the little engineerman, Sam; I've promised to let him run No. 6 today." There was a happy little laugh, and then a vision of golden curls appeared at the cab window and called, "Mother! Mother, can you spare me a whole day? I'll be back at 5:10." She smiled and nodded. "The wood is all in, mother, and a box full of kindlings—good bye mother!" The train was

moving and the bell a-ringing, the steam escaping, the whistle blowing, the furnace glowing, and the mighty power of that great engine thrilled the boy through and through; it was a marvellous experience for the boy. But in spite of all this pleasure, there was a shadow all day on the boyish face. Once the train stopped at a switch to wait for a delayed freight to pass, and the engineer spoke to the boy sitting silent at the window. "Hello, Jack! you are not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep; you must remember that. He's got to keep his eyes open." "Yes, sir; that's just what father said, 'Stick to your engine, and stand by your mother, Jack;' and I've been thinking, Mr. Robinson, maybe I hadn't ought to leave her by herself all day." "Oh, she's all right, Jack." "But you know father said, 'Stand by your mother, Jack,' and here I am off on your engine all day."

The delayed freight went thundering by, twenty minutes late. The fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, the wheels began to roll, and No. 6 sped on her way, and drew up at Antioch at the close of the day, not one minute late.

A door flew open as the whistle blew, which seemed to say, "Here I am, mother! here I am." A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying towards the lighted door.

It was one evening in June when Jack's mother went to see a sick friend at a station just above Antioch. "You may come to meet me at 12 o'clock, Jack," she said. "I'll be sure to come on that train, unless something happens." "I'll be there, mother." When the noon train came in, it slowed up sooner than usual, and Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful. The telegraph operator laid his hand on Jack's little head, as he stood there waiting for the train to stop. When the engine passed him, Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him; and the fireman, too, turned his face the other way. The brakemen would not look at little Jack. When the train came to a stop, the little boy entered the car, and his sweet, clear voice rang out, "Here I am, mother; here I am." The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known voice rang throughout the train. The passengers knew of the horrible accident to his mother, and many there were who placed a handkerchief to their faces

to wipe away a sympathetic tear. "Here I am, mother," he called time and again, as he ran through the cars eagerly looking for his mother. He stepped off on the platform, and was running through the crowd calling, "Mother, mother; here I am." The conductor caught the little fellow as he was passing by, and held him close, and said, "Jack, my boy, your mother did not come. No, Jack, she will never come. Your mother is dead."

They did not explain to him that his mother's foot slipped, and she fell under the train, and the wheels passed over her body; and the little boy could not understand why his mother did not come. Day after day he would meet the 12 o'clock train, crying, "Here I am, mother; here I am." Some one would explain that it's little Jack Conner here to meet his mother again.

One day they missed him on the platform. He was sick, raving with fever. Jerry Croner's wife bent over his pillow; the heart-broken life was ebbing away. At 10 o'clock he opened his eyes. "Is No. 6 in yet?" he asked. "Not yet, Jack," she told him. "Mother will be here on that train, and I must go down and meet her when No. 6 comes in." When the clock struck eleven he started, and sat up in bed. "Is she in? Is No. 6 in yet?" "Not yet, Jack, dear boy," and he dropped back on his pillow, and murmured, "Stick to your engine and stand by your mother, Jack."

At twelve o'clock the train whistle sounded sharp and shrill, and he gave a joyous cry. "She is in; No. 6 is in. Here I am, mother! Here's my mother! Oh, mother,—" and with a smile of sweetest peace, held out his little white arms to meet her. They fell at his side, and he was dead, and his soul went to meet his mother.

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

Suggestions—This is a thrilling declamation, requiring the orotund timbre with a great deal of life and magnetism in the latter part.

Napoleon was sitting in his tent, and before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!" "Who, sir?" inquired

an officer. "Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22nd, Lannes, with the army of Genoa held Padau. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand, to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plans.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A heavy rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out, and Napoleon reached the field to see Lannes beaten—Champeaux dead—Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy general, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where Napoleon stood.

There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a lad whom Desaix picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted, "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drum-sticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh, I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall in line. I beat that charge at the Pyramid; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. Oh, may I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten here. What shall we do?" "Do? Beat them back! It is only three o'clock, so there's time plenty to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the gleaming sword of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum-charge, swept down on the host of Aus-

trians. They drove the first line back on the second; then both back on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered; and as the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating his furious charge.

Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory; and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle but they forget that a general only thirty years old made a victory of defeat. They forget that a lad of France put to shame "the child of destiny."

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Suggestions—This dramatic recitation should commence with the pure timbre and so continue until her lover fails to return. From this on to the last it increases in emotion and feeling. During the journey and the assassination a great opportunity is given for dramatic action. The remainder of the selection changes to the weird.

Forgive me, father; those were wild, bad words from the foul bottom of my heart stirred up by agitation. Turn not thus away; I will repent—I think I do repent.

I was not all to blame. You have heard so many tales of passion; lend your ear, and I will tell you mine: 'Twas twilight, and the early-lighted lamps were flickering into the Arno's tide. I was returning from my work, and paused upon the bridge of Santa Trinity to rest, when, by some inward sense, I know not what, I felt that I was gazed at, drawn away by eyes that had a strange, magnetic will. And so I turned from those far hills to see—a stranger? No; even then he did not seem a stranger, but as one I once had known; not here in Florence,—not in any place—but somewhere in my spirit, known and seen. I knew that it was he. What could I do? He knew I loved him, and I knew he loved, and I was happy, oh, so happy then. It seemed as if this earth could never add one little drop more to the joy I owned. He was a Venetian, and that radiant hair we black-haired girls so covet, haloed 'round his sunny Northern face and soft blue eyes. I know not why he loved me,—me so

black—with these black eyes, black hair, that I so hate. Why loved he not Berta? She is fair. Yet he often swore that Berta's body was not worth one-half my finger; and then he kissed me full upon the mouth, as if to seal his oath. Glorius seal! Ah, well; those days are gone! No. no; not gone! I love him madly now, as I loved him then.

Oh God! how blissfully those days went by. Bleeding autumn came at last. Two words made all things plain: "Love, I must go to Venice." "Must?" "Yes, must." "Then I go too." "No, no! ah, Nina, no. Four weeks pass swiftly—one short month—and then I shall return to Florence, and to you."

Alas, he went, and I was alone, the weary weeks out of that hateful month. Another month I waited—nervous, fierce—I could not stay! Consumed with jealous fears that bore me down into a fever—necklace, ear-rings, all I sold, and on to Venice rushed. In a black gondola I sailed the sea-built city. I only gave the gondolier his name, and said, "You know him?" "Yes." Then row me quickly to where he is."

We reached the place at last. The boatman said, "This is the palace." It flared with lights. "Oh, this is some mistake! Why are these lights? He owns no palace." "Pardon," answered he, "I fancied thee, Signora, wished to see the marriage feasts; and all Venice knows the bride receives to-night." "What bride? Whose bride?" I snapped, impatient. "Count Alberti's bride; whose else?"

For a moment I was stunned and crushed. Then came the wild revulsion of despair. "Row me to the steps," I said. He rowed. I leaped on their wet edge, and stared in at the door. My eyes run lightning zig-zags through the crowd. He was not there. There was a sudden murmur near the door, and I beheld him walking at her side. I saw here smiling—could not bear her bliss. I felt for my stiletto in my vest. I struck! Before me, at my feet she fell!

Who was the queen then? Ah Your rank and wealth, your pearls and splendors—you will not smile again as then you smiled. And I alone of all the crowd stood calm. I was avenged! avenged! until I saw the dreadful look he gave me, as he turned from her dead face, and looked in mine. I es-

caped! Oh God! it haunts me; scares me; will not let me sleep.

When will he come and tell me he forgives, and loves me still? Oh, father! bid him come; come quickly; come and let me die in peace. I was mad; but I repent. I suffer; he at least should pity and forgive me. Oh, make him come and say he loves me; and then let me die. I shall be ready then to die, but now I cannot think of God. My heart is hell, is hell, until I know he loves me still.

JOE SEIGG.

Suggestions—This selection may be begun in the orotund timbre, drifting into the descriptive and heroic colloqual style, then into the dramatic. Rushing through the flames and saving the train requires strong dramatic action. The ending may be given in the orotund timbre.

Who are the heroes we hail to-day and circle their brows with wreaths of Bay? Is it the warrior back again, to be girt by throngs of his fellow-men? The statesman fighting in keen debate for the laws that will make his country great? Or the poet, whose spirit in his song withers like fire the front of wrong? Yes, these are heroes on whom we may call, but a greater still, is behind them all. Who? Joe Seigg, the railroad engineer. And we shout with ringing cheer: "Joe Seigg, the railroad engineer, who did his duty, and never thought he ever did more than a driver ought."

Look at Seigg, I say, as he stands with the levers clutched in his oily hands, and hearing naught but the grind of the wheel, or the clanking rail underneath his heel; or, lighting his pipe for a whiff or two, yet looking ahead as drivers do. Now, any one seeing him thus would have said with a very doubtful shake of the head: "Poor stuff, after all, out of which to plan your hero when action calls for a man." So you would think, but listen and hear the story of Seigg, the engineer.

Down the Pennsylvania line in the light of an afternoon's sunshine came Seigg with a train of cars behind and hundreds of lives that were his to mind. Little thought he of danger near as he watched for signals set at clear. If he thought at all, and that thought could be said, as he stood on the foot-plate looking ahead, it was this: To do what a

driver could do—run sharp to his time, nor be overdue. So along the metals, in smoke and glare, with Seigg at his post by the levers there, engine and cars like a whirlwind tore, till just as the fireman opened the door of the furnace, at once through each black flue came the quick back-draft, bringing with it the flame that, scorching with lightning fingers of pain, drove Seigg and his fireman back in the train.

Back they went, bearing all the brunt of the fiery tongues that were hissing in front. They caught at the cars in their wild desire, that in less than a moment were muffled in fire. The engine, like some wild steed that is free, shot ahead, with a shriek of defiant glee. Behind were hundreds of lives in a tomb that was hot with the breath of their awful doom. To leap from the train would be certain death. To stay would be food for the flames' wild breath. Now was the time for our hero to plan; the hour had come and Joe Seigg was the man. Not a moment he stood, for at once he saw his duty, and that was law. Not a single thought of self came near to shake his grand, brave spirit with fear. Only there 'rose, like a flash in his eye, as in those when the last stern moment is nigh, a look that would do all that duty could claim, and with a wild rush Seigg was into the flame.

The red tongues quiver'd and clutched at him: they burnt the flesh from his arm and limb; they wove like scarlet demons, between the engine and him, a fiery screen. But he fought his way to his terrible fate till he felt his feet touch the tender-plate. Then blind with flame and its scorching breath, and weak from his terrible struggle with death, he groped for the levers, clutched them at length, and, with one wild effort of failing strength, 'mid the hissing of fire and the engine's roar, threw off the steam and could do no more.

When the engine at last was brought to a stand, not a life was lost out of all that band. No life, did I say? Alas! there was one, but not till his duty was nobly done. For, back in the tender, silent and grim, blacken'd and scalded in body and limb, lay Seigg, who had, without aid and alone, saved hundreds of lives and lost his own.

That is the story, plain and clear, of Seigg, the railroad engineer. Honor to him, and no stint of praise from the best hearts in these modern days. Honor to Seigg, I say, and

hail this last Jim Bludsoe of the rail, who did his duty and never thought he did any more than a driver ought.

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. Patton.

Suggestions—This is intensely dramatic, and is capable of the most artistic acting. The voice should be full of intense hatred, contempt and defiance. On the words, "the scalp of vengeance still is red and warns you—come not here," let the left hand be raised as though holding a scalp, and the right hand, with index finger, is brought to the left shoulder, giving a warning shake. This is a splendid selection to practice to keep the voice in certain dramatic qualities.

Blaze with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee! The shackles ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free. I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low; and where it falls, ye may well dread the lightning of its blow!

I've scared you in the city, and I've scalped you on the plain; go count your chosen few where they fell beneath my leaden rain! I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale face I defy; revenge is stamped upon my spear, and blood my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty, some to defend their all; but I fight for the joy I have to see the white man fall; I love among the wounded to hear his dying moan, and catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.

You've trailed me through the forest, you've tracked me o'er the stream; and struggling through the everglade, your bristling bayonets gleam; but I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear; the scalp of vengeance still is red and warns you come—not here.

I loathe you in my bosom, I scorn you with my eye, and I'll taunt you with my latest breath and fight you till I die. I ne'er will ask your quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave; but I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath its wave.

CATALINE'S DEFIANCE.

Suggestions—This strong dramatic selection requires an intense hatred in the voice, strong facial expression and action. For developing dramatic power in practice we suggest this selection. It cannot

be successfully rendered until great powers of expression have been developed. It should be recited in the Sound Proof Room a thousand times before it is recited before an audience. But this practice will develop the powers necessary for the successful delivery of any dramatic recitation; it is therefore the best for practicing.

Conscript fathers! I do not rise to waste the night in words; let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade; but here I stand for right—let him show proofs—for Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand to take their share with me. Ay, cluster there! Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves! His charge is false;—I dare him to his proof. You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned, and still do scorn, and hide my sense of wrong! Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword! Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back, wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts the gates of honor on me—turning out the Roman from his birthright; and for what? To fling your offices to every slave! Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb. And, having wound their loathesome track to the top of this huge, moldering monument of Rome, hang hissing on the nobler man below! Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones; fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax and make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free from daily contact with the things I loathe? "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this? Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head? Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain! I held some slack allegiance till this hour; but now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords! I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, strong provocations, bitter burning wrongs , I have within my heart's hot cells shut up, to leave you in your lazy dignities. But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling hatred and full defiance in your face! Your consul's merciful—for this all thanks; he dares not touch a hair of Cataline!

"Traitor!" I go; but I return. This—trial? Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs to stir a fever in the blood of age or make the infant's sinews strong as steel. This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords! For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods, shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes! Wan treachery with his

thirsty dagger drawn; suspicion poisoning his brother's cup; naked rebellion, with the torch and ax, making his wild sport of your blazing thrones; till Anarchy comes down on you like night, and massacre seals Rome's enternal grave! I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.

I go; but, when I come, 'twill be the burst of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back in swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well! You build my funeral pile; but your best blood shall quench its flame! Back, Slaves! I will return!

THE ROMAN HERO.

Miss M. R. Mitford.

Suggestions—This selection, like Cataline's Defiance, is one of the very best for practicing. There is none better to practice for developing intense dramatic powers. The voice must be of intense feeling, moving rapidly from hate to love. "Struck like a dog," the voice must be powerful in its gutteral timbre, strong in force and full of hatred. "Look to see them live," on the word, "live," the voice has reached its highest pitch and falls wth a double falling glide. The oath and solemn vow at the end must be given with the most intense feeling. It will require a thousand rehearsals in the Sound Proof Practice Room before this selection can be successfully given.

Friends, I come not here to talk. You know too well the story of our thralldom. We are slaves! The bright sun rises to his course and lights a race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams fall on a slave; not such as, swept along by the full tide of power, the conqueror led to crimson glory and undying fame, but base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords, rich in some dozen paltry villages; strong in some hundred spearmen; only great in that strange spell—a name.

Each hour dark fraud, or open rapine, or protected murder, cries out against them. But this very day an honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—was struck—struck like a dog by one who wore the badge of Ursini; because, forsooth, he tossed not high his ready cap in the air, nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts at sight of that great ruffian! Be we men, and suffer such dishonor? Men and wash not the stain away in blood? Such shames are common. I have known deeper wrongs; I, that speak to ye. I had a brother

once—a gracious boy, full of gentleness, of calmest hope, of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look of heaven upon his face, which limners give to the beloved disciple.

How I loved that gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years, brother at once, and son! He left my side;—a summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile parting his innocent lips. In one short hour that pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw the corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried for vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves! Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl to see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look to see them live, torn from your arms, distained, dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice, be answered by the lash!

Yet this is Rome, that sat on her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans! Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman was greater than a king! and once again—hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread of either Brutus! once, again, I swear the eternal city shall be free!

THE HAT.

Suggestions—This beautiful monologue is best given with a silk hat in the hand. It requires artistic acting all the way through, and especially in the controversy between the gentleman wanting his hat and the young lady's father. The voice in the conversational parts must be thoroughly adapted to each character.

Well, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied. I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view. Before two witnesses, good men and true, I'm licensed, stamped; undo the deed who can: three hundred francs made me a married man. Who would have thought it! Married! How? What for? I, who was ranked a strict old bachelor; I, who declined—and gave lame reasons why—five, six good, comfortable matches: I, married! A married man! Beyond a doubt! How, do you ask, came such a thing about? What prompted me to dare connubial bliss? Imagine. Guess. You give it up! A hat! A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—a plain, silk, stove-pipe hat. This did for me. A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.

One day this winter I went out to dine. All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine. A concert afterward—

en regle—just so. The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low, my heels together. Then I placed my hat on something near, and joined the general chat. At half-past eight we dined. All went off well. The concert was announced for half-past ten, and that hour I joined a crowd of men. The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found, like rows of sugared almonds, seated round. I leaned against the door—there was no chair. A stout, fierce gentleman got up with care (a cuirassier I set him down to be), leaned on the door post, hard by me, whilst far off in the distance some poor girl sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl some trashy stuff of love, and love's distress; I could see nothing, and could hear still less. Still, I applauded for politeness' sake.

Next, a dress-coat of fashionable make came forward and began. It clad a poet. That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?. Your host, or hostess, after dinner, chooses to serve you up some efforts of the muses, recited with vim, gestures, and by-play, by some one borrowed from the great Francais. I blush to write it—poems, you must know, all make me sleepy; and it was so now, for as I listened to the distant drone of the smooth lines, I felt my eyelids droop down, and a strange stupor I could not ignore came creeping over me.

"Heavens! suppose I snore! Let me get out," I cried, "or else——" With that I cast my eyes around to find my hat. It lay beyond where all the ladies sat, under a candelabrum, shiny bright, smooth as when I last brushed it, in full sight. Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried whether I could not lure it to my side. And all the while did that dull poem creep drearily on, till, sick at last with sleep, my eyes fixed straight before me with a stare, I groaned within me: "Come, my hat—fresh air!"

Here a voice cried: "Sir, have you done staring at my daughter yet? By jove! sir." My astonished glance here met the angry, red face of my cuirassier. I did not quail before his look severe, but said politely, "Pardon, sir, but I do not know so much as know her." "What sir! Why, my daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table. Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable to understand." But, sir——" "I dont suppose you mean to tell me——" "Really——" "Who but knows your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?

I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her." "Trifling?" "Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five: every one knows it—every man alive." "Allow me——" "No, sir. Every father knows your reputation, damaging to those who——" "Sir, indeed——" "How dare you in this place stare half an hour in my daughter's face?" "Sapristi, monsieur! I protest—I swear—I never looked at her." "Indeed! What were you looking at then?" "Sir, I tell you that; my hat, sir." "Morbleu! Looking at your hat!" "Yes, sir, it was my hat." My color rose; he angered me, this man who would suppose I thought of nothing but his girl. "It was my daughter, sir." "No, sir—my hat." "Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near. "You'll give an account for this, sir. Do you hear?" "Of course, sir." 'Then, before the world's astir you'll get my card, sir." "I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so? A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!" Black coat had finished. All the audience made a general move toward ice and lemonade, the coast was clear, my way was open now; my hat was mine. I made my foe a bow, and hastened, fast as lover could have moved through trailing trains, toward the dear thing that I loved. I tried to reach it. "Here's the hat, I think, you are in search of." Shapely, soft and pink, a lovely arm. a perfect arm held out my precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt, I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress. "Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess what made you look this way. You longed to go. You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so. Ah, how I wished to help you if I could! I might have passed it possibly. I would have tried my ladies' chain, from hand to hand, to send it to you, but you understand, I felt a little timid, don't you see?—for fear they might suppose—Ah! pardon me, I am prone to talk. I'm keeping you. Take it. Good night."

Sweet angel, pure and true, my looks to their real cause she could refer, and never thought one glance was meant for her. O, simple trust, pure and debasing wiles! I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles and hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe, exclaiming: "Hear me, sir. Before I go, let me explain. You, sir, were in the right. 'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night. Forgive me, pardon me, I en-

treat, dear sir. I love your daughter and I gazed at her." "You, sir?" He turned his big, round eyes on me. Then held his hand out. "Well, well, we will see."

Next day we talked. That's how it came about, and the result you see. My secret's out. It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven. Her father, mild in spite of mien severe, holds a high office —is no cuirrassier. Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command. He is a widower—so—you understand. Now, all this is happiness, beyond a doubt, by this silk hat I hold, was brought about, or by its brother. Poor old English tile! Many have sneered at thy ungainly style; they, as aesthetics, are not far wrong, may be; but I, for all thou hast done for me, raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said, with deep respect, and place thee on my head.

ANGELINA.

Suggestions—This is one of the most musical selections to be found. It requires the full impersonations of the negro in a happy, hallelujah mood. The grunts, whines, groans and exclamations characteritic of the negro, add greatly to the effective rendition of this selection; and there may be also Clogg, or Buck and Wing dancing added with great advantage; but the dancing must be done while the lines are being recited, keeping time in the dance step to the rythm of the words.

When de fiddle gits to singin' out an ole Verginny reel, an' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in yo'r toe an' in yo'r heel; ef you t'ink you got u-ligion an' wants to keep it, too; you jes' bettah take a hint an' git yo'sef clean out o' view. 'Ca'se de time am mighty temptin' when de chune is in de swing, fur a darkey, saint er sinner man, to cut de pigeon-wing. An' yo' couldnt' he'p fo'm dancin' ef yo'r feet wuz bound wif twine, when Angelina Johnsing comes a-swingin' down de line.

Don't you know Miss Angelina? She's de dahlin' ob de place; w'y de ain't no hig-ton'd lady wif such mannahs an' sich grace. She can move across de cabin, wif its planks all rough an' wore, jes' de same's ef she wuz dancin' on ole mistus' ball-room floo'. Fact is, you don't see no cabin—— evaht'ing you see look grand, an' dat ole squeaky fiddle soun'

to you jes' like a ban'; cotton britches look lak broadclof, an' a linsey dress look fine when Angelina Johnsing comes a-swingin' down de line.

Some fo'ks say dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd, dey say, gwine to punish us fur steppin' when we heah de music play. But I tell you, I don't b'lieve it, for de Lawd is wise an' good, an' He made de banjo's metal an' He made de fiddle's wood; an' he made de music in dem, so I don't quite t'ink He'll keer ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we heah. W'y dey's somef'n downright holy in de way our faces shine, when Angelina Johnsing comes aswingin' down de line.

Angelina steps so gentle; Angelina bows so low, an' she lif' her sku't so dainty huh shoetop skacely show; an' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez she take you by de han'—go way, people, d'aint anodah such a lady in de lan'. When she's movin' thoo de figgers or a-dancin' by huhse'f, folks jes' stan' stock-still a-stahin', an' dey mos' nigh hol's dey bref; an' de young mens, dey's a-sayin', "I'se gwine mak' dat damsel mine," when Angelina Johnsing comes a-swingin' down de line.

THE FACIAL FAMILY.

J. A. Watkins.

Suggestions—In this selection it is well not to show the audience the different mouth positions in the explanatory part, but wait till the coversation begins. The boy should be given his distinct face and voice; and so with the other three characters. Be sure the mental picturing is correct, so as not to be blurred, and so arranged that the audience can see your face when each one says his or her part. Make each character stand out clear and distinct. The action in blowing out the candle should be so artistic that the audience will always remember the old lady burning her nose; or the manner in which the old gent put out the candle.

In one of the pretty cities in the "Hoosier" State there lived in a nice little cottage, a man, his wife, and their daughter. Each one had a peculiar facial defect. In talking, the man's under-lip would rise and pass the upper lip, striking his nose; the old lady's upper lip would go down, passing the under lip, and striking her chin; the girl's mouth was drawn around on the right side of her face, with the right corner of her mouth drawn up. One day the door bell rang, and the girl went to answer the call. She met a young man at the

door who also had a bad facial defect, his mouth being drawn to the left side of his face, with the left corner being drawn very low down. She spoke to him, "Good morning." "Good morning, Miss. I would like to see your father." "What you mocking me for?" "I beg your pardon' madam, but I am not mocking you." "Yes you are too." "Why, no I am not mocking you. I—I—I—" "Oh ma! ma! come here! A young man is here mocking me." "Why, I am not mocking you." "Look here, sir, what are you mocking my daughter for?" "Madam, I am not mocking your daughter. It's my natural way of tal——" "Yes, you are, too. Pa! pa! come here; here's a young man standing here mocking our daughter." "Madam, I beg your pardon, but it's my way of——." "Look here, young man, what are you mocking my daughter for?" 'My dear sir, I am not mocking your daughter; it's my way of——" 'Yes, you are too; and I'll teach you a lesson you'll not soon for——"

The young man saved himself of a good shaking up by making them understand that he couldn't help his facial defect. The young man's business with the old gent took him to that little cottage many times, during which time he and the girl fell in love; and, strange to say, they were married.

The first night they experienced much trouble in blowing out the light. When he was ready to retire, he took the candle and blew at the light, but owing to the shape of his mouth he couldn't strike the light with his breath. He puffed away several times, but utterly failed. Then he called to "Sallie" to come and blow it out. "Ah, Johnnie, dear; a great big man, and can't blow out a cadle. Let me have it. I'll blow it out." But owing to her facial defect she failed to hit the light; and it still burned. "Oh ma, come here and blow out this candle; we can't blow it out." "Well, well; if I ever did hear so much fuss about blowing out a candle. Give it here. Give it here; I'll blow it out. Ah-ps-ps-ah-ps-ps. Oh dear me; I've burned my nose. Oh pa pa, come here and blow out this candle; we can't blow it out." "Well, well, if you all ain't a great lot of folks; can't blow out a candle. Give it here; I'll blow it out. Ah-ps-ps ah-ps-ps-ps. (The old man snuffs it out.) There I knew I could blow it out."

SINCE PA SHAVED OFF HIS WHISKERS.

Suggestons—To make this selection a great success, impersonate a ten-year-old boy. He is full of laughter, and ready to "bust" any moment, though he holds it back until the words "Pa shaved off his whiskers," are uttered, and then he explodes into a burst of laughter.

I haven't had such jolly fun for forty thousand years; just laughed until I thought my eyes were running out in tears. An' ma, she slapt me on the back to help me catch my breath, an' said she couldn't blame me if I laughed myself to death. My ribs got sore like they wuz biles, my head got to achin' and my inside fixings hurt like they had more than they could stand; an' every time I see him yit, I have to fetch a grin, because he looks so awful queer with nothin' on his chin. There never wuz a father's son that's had such jolly, roaring fun ez me since children was begun, since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

He blushed just like a giddy girl when he come home that night; an' ma, she met him at the door, an' nodded real polite, an' asked him if he'd not come in a lookin' of him o'er, just like she wuz a wonderin' where she seen them clothes afore ,an' offered him the rocking chair, an' ast him fer his hat; an' when she hung it up, she looked suspiciously at that, an' him a grinnin' all the while, an' her a lookin' skeered, an' me a sizin' of him up, an' honestly afeared; but when he looked almighty shy at me, an' winked the other eye, I yelled to bust, "Why, ma, the guy! It's pa shaved off his whiskers!"

Pa heaved back in the rocking chair an' fetched a long haw —haw. I had a real hysteric fit, an' roared an' squealed, an' ma, she stood like she was paralyzed, an' stared in a stupid way; just like to save her life she couldn't think of what to say; an' then she reached her fingers out an' rubbed them on his chin, an' neither one of them could do a thing but grin; an' then she stooped an' took a kiss, an' say, I'll just be blamed, that awful naked mouth of pa's looked like it was ashamed. 'Twas awful mean of me, I know, but I just had to laugh, or go insane. It paralyzed me so when pa shaved off his whispers.

When ma regained her consciousness, I heard her softly say, "Why, William, you ain't looked so young for many an' many a day; look something like you used to look when me

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an' you wuz courtin' up to married life. Indeed, indeed, you do." An' then she sat upon his knee a-feelin' of his chin, just like they wuz a lovin' pair, an'wuzn't any kin; an' me a-rollin' on the floor just like a dyin' calf. For every time I'd take a peep at pa I'd have to laugh; but now he doesn't look so bad, an' never wuz a prouder lad than me to have so young a dad, since pa shaved off his whiskers.

ROYAL BUMPER DEGREE.

Suggestions—Impersonate a fourteen-year-old boy. Give him a smile all the way through, except in the serious parts, such as "Bring forth the royal bumper and let him bump." The action should be artistic. Setting the Buck beer sign up behind the father should be done in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the minds of the audience as to where it is; the action of butting is well indicated by striking the hand with the fist, and looking over the banisters should be well acted. There are great possibilities in this selection, and it will pay to work out all the details perfectly.

Say, Mr. Vanbumbleberg, do you know anything about lodges? I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow; pa would have enjoyed becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, Pa had been telling us about the good the Masons and Odd Fellows were doing, and said we ought to grow up good so we could join them when we got a little bigger. I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to play lodge and pretend to 'nitiate; and he said no it wouldn't do any hurt; it would only improve our minds, and make us like men.

That afternoon, when Pa and Ma were out driving, me and my chum borrowed an old billy goat from a livery stable, and carried the old fellow up to my room. Then we got a Buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it up on the back of a chair. Well, sir, we practiced with that old goat until he got so he would butt the picture of that goat every time. The old goat bleated, so we just tied a towel around his nose. And his hoofs made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby socks on his feet.

Well, when Pa and Ma came back, they heard us up stairs. Pa said, "Boys, what are you doing up stairs?"andmy chum said, "We are playing lodge and pretending to 'nitiate." Pa said that was all right; that there was nothing half so beneficial to boys' minds. My chum asked Pa if he didn't want to come up and take the Grand Bumper degree. Pa laughed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys

in innocent pastime that was so beneficial to our intellects. So I told Pa that if he wanted to take the degree to come up and give three distinct raps at the door. And when we ask, "Who comes there?" you must say, "A weary pilgrim who wishes to join your order and ride the goat."

Well, Pa rapped, and I opened the door and let him in. The old goat had got over his bleating spell, and we had pulled the towel off his nose, and had put him in the closet where he was eating some of my old paper collars and galluses. I told Pa he would have to be blindfolded, so he got down on his knees, and I tied the towel what we had around the goat's nose, over Pa's eyes, and he didn't smell goat a bit. I told Pa he had time to retrace his steps yet if he wanted to. But he said no; he wanted the whole business; to go ahead with our menagerie. Pa was kind o' laughing all the time; but I told him it was a serious business, and if he wanted to take the degree, to repeat the following after me: "Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him bump." And I told pa he would have to get down on his hands. Then I took that Buck Beer sign what the old goat had been butting, and put it right up against Pa's——pants. My chum rubbed some red pepper in the old goat's nose, ears and eyes, and he began to sneeze and look sassy. Say, Mr. Vannbumbleberg, the next time you go to 'nitiate a man into your lodge, you just try red pepper on him; you'll get ten times as much goat to the square inch.)

I opened the door and the old goat saw the picture of that goat what he had been butting, setting up side o' Pa, and he started for it just like a cow-catcher, bleating and sneezing. Pa's real fat, but he knew he got hit; and he jumped up and said, "The deuce! What are you boys doing?" And the old goat gave him another degree. Pa pulled off the towel and started for the stairs, and so did the goat. Now, Ma was down at the foot of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters, Pa, Ma and the goat were all in a heap. Pa was yelling murder; Ma was yelling fire; and the old goat was just a-butting, a-sneezing, and a-bleating. Pa and Ma went into their room and closed the door. Me and my chum slipped down stairs, and were intending to drive the old goat out, but the minister what comes to see Ma three times a week, was ringing the door bell. So I opened the door. Now, that old

goat thought the minister was coming in to get an 'nitiation, so he gave him a degree, and went down on the street, bleating and a-sneezing. The minister came in to the parlor and said he was stabbed. Pa came out of his room with both galluses hanging down, and he was a-rubbing and using cuss words, too. Ma said you will go down to —— sure. Pa said he didn't care a cent if he did; he would kill that cussed old goat before he went. I says, "Pa, the minister is in the parlor." And he and Ma went in and said the weather was propituous for a revival; but none of them didn't sit down but Ma, 'cause the goat didn't butt her.

THE JINERS.

Suggestions—This selection is capable of great action. The reciter should, in enumerating the lodges, lay them off with an over-hand swing of the right arm, giving one swing for each lodge. In addressing the judge, stand with arms akimbo, occasionally giving the judge a warning gesture with her right indexed finger, and when she says, "I believe you are a jiner yourself," step towards the judge shoving the right fist at him. This can be made a wonderful success by working out all the details of action.

She was about forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into the Judge's office and requested a private interview, and, having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the key-hole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively, "I want a divorce." "What for? I had supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Judge.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in the last ten years, they'd wonder how I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to; but for the sake of the young ones, I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it, young ones, or no young ones. I'll have a divorce and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it, they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" asked the Judge.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind in this respect as men generally are; and he's never knocked any of us down. I wish he had; then I'd get him in jail and know where he was of nights."

"Then what is your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them pesky jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner—one of them blamed fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark, sly and hidden but what he jines it. If anybody should come along with a society to burn down his house, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it, he'd jine all the quicker. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothings. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearing in before supper and grab a fist full of grub and go off gulping it down, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. Then the other nights he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard—George Washington;' and on rainy days he would go out in the corn-crib and jab at a picture of King George with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies that I let him go on. Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple; and of all the nonsense and gab about a "worshipful master" and squares and compasses and sich like that we had in the house for the next six months, you never saw the beat. And he's never outgrown it, nuther. What do you think of a man, Judge, that'll dress himself up in a white apron, about big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down making motions and talking foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and an apron covered with eyes and columns and other queer things. Ain't he a loonatick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm going to.

The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he had jined them; but he kind o' pacified me by telling me they are a sort of branch show that took in women,

and he'd get me in as soon as he found how to do it. Well, one night he came home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had blackballed me. Did it himself: of course he did! Didn't want me around knowing about his goings on. Of course he didn't and I told him so, too!

"Then he jined the Sons of Malter! Didn't say nothin' to me about it; but sneaked off one night pretending he had to sit up with a sick Odd Fellow, and I never found it out, only he come home looking like a man who had been run through a threshing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him until he 'fessed up. And so it's gone from bad to wus, jining this thing, and that, till he's Worshipful Minister of the Masons, and Goodness of Hope in the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finnegans, and Virgin Cerus of the Grange and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Insolence, and Grand Ruler in the Knights of Pythias, and the Exalted Monarch in the Elks, and the Bull puncher in the Buffaloes, and the Two-Edged Tomahawk of the United Order of Red Men, and the Tale Bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and Skipper for the Guild-Caratrine Culumbus, and the Big Wizard of the Arabian Nights, and the Pledge Passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bulger for the Irish Mechanics, and Purse Keeper of the Guard of Canadian Conscience, and the Double-Barreled Dictator in the Knights of the Brass Circle, and Standard Bearer for the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Port of the Onion League, and Chief Butler for the Celestial Cherubs, and the Fly Catcher for the Petrified Pollywogs, and goodness knows what else. I've borne it, and borne it, and borne it, hopin' he'd get them all jined after awhile, and quit; but 'tai'nt not use; and when he'd got into a new one, and had been made Grand Guide for the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the Judge interrupted her, saying: "Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court can hardly call that a good cause for divorce. Most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men with excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you if you were sick, or in want."

"Fudge! See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, guess not! I can take care of myself when he is dead. If I can't I can get another! There's plenty of 'em! And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick, either. If I want to get sick and suffer, it's none of their business; especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, all because of their carryings on. And you needn't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man who jines all the lodges that comes along, until now he never lodges at home any more."

"Oh, I think that is harmless amusement," quietly remarked the Judge. She looked him square in the eyes and said: "I believe you are a jiner yourself." The Judg admitted he had joined some of them. Oh, but this made her raging mad. "I wouldn't have thought it, Judge! A man like you, holding your high office, and chairman of the Sunday School, —why, it's enough to make a woman take pizen! I won't have nothing more to do with you, sir! I want to find a lawyer that don't belong to nobody nor nothin'. Good day, sir!" With that she bolted out of the office and slammed the door, and went to hunt a man who was not a jiner.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Suggestions—This selection is beautiful from beginning to end. It may be given sitting. The voice is soft and sympathetic; the action dainty and delicate. It requires considerable ability to make it effective.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone, and muses at the faces of the friends that he has known, so I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design I find the smiling features of that old sweetheart of mine.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart—and to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine when my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings, the voices of my children, and the mother as she sings, I feel no tinge of conscience to deny me any theme when care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm to spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm for I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine that makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace, floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase, and I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes, as glowing as the summer, and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet, and the little checkered dress she wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress with the written declaration, that as "surely as the vine grew around the stump," she loved me, that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I fell the pressure of her slender little hand, as we used to talk together of the future we had planned—when I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do, would write the tender verses that she'd set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot hid in a nest of roses in a fairy garden spot, where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine, and the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day, and she my faithful sweetheart till her golden hair was gray—and we should be so happy that, when either's lips were dumb, they would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair, and the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there; yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign, to greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY.

Suggestions—This is a difficult selection to deliver successfully. It may be given in a bombastic and labored effort; with much halting and running of words; shaking of the head, squinting of the eyes and grunting. The getures should be exagerated; over-done.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay, that was built in such a logical way, it ran a hundred years to a day,

and then of a sudden it—ah, but stay, I'll tell you how it happened, without delay; scaring the parson into fits, frightening people out of their wits—have you heard of it, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five, Georgius Secundus was then alive,—snuffy old drone from the German hive! That was the year when Lisbon town saw the earth open and gulp her down, and Braddock's army was done so brown—left without a scalp to its crown. It was on that terrible earthquake day that the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what, there is always, somewhere, the weakest spot—in hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, in panel or cross-bar, or floor, or sill, in screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still; find it somewhere, you must and will, above or below, or within or without; and that's the reason beyond a doubt, a chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the deacon swore, as deacons do, with an "I vum" or an "I'll tell yeou." He would build one shay to beat the teown 'n' the keountry 'n' keountry reoun'; it should be so built that it couldn't break deown. "For," said the deacon, "'tis mighty plain that the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain, 'n' the way to fix it, uz I maintain, is only jest to make that place uz strong as the rest."

So the deacon inquired of the village folk where he could find the strongest oak, that couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—that was for spokes, and floor, and sills; he sent for lancewood, to make the thills; the crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees; the panels of white wood, that cut like cheese, but lasts like iron for things like these; the hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum," last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em; never an ax had seen their chips, and the wedges flew from between their lips, their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips; step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, tire, axle, and lynchpin, too; steel of the finest, bright and blue; thoroughbrace bison skin-thick and wide; boot top, dasher, from tough old hide, found in the pit where the tanner died. That was the way he put her through. "There," said the deacon, "neow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, rather I guess she was a wonder and nothing less! Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, deacon and

deaconess dropped away, children and grandchildren—where were they? But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay, as fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred: It came and found the deacon's masterpiece strong and sound. Eighteen hundred, increased by ten,—"hansum kerridge," they called it then. Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—running as usual, much the same. Thirty and forty at last arrive; then came fifty tnd fifty-five.

Little of all value here wakes on the morn of its hundredth year without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing keeps its youth, so far as I know, but a tree and truth. (This is a moral that runs at large; take it, you're welcome. No extra charge.)

First of November—the earthquake day—there are no traces of age in the one-hoss shay, a general flavor of mild decay, but nothing local, as one may say. There couldn't be—for the deacon's art had made it so like in every part that there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, and the floor was just as strong as the sills, and the panels just as dstrong as the floor, and the whipple-tree neither less nor more, and the back cross-bar as strong as the fore, and spring, and axle, and hub *encore*. And yet as a whole it is past a doubt in another hour it will be worn out!

First of November fifty-five; this morning the parson takes a drive. Now, small boys, get out of the way; here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay, drawn by a rat-tailed, ewednecked bay. "Huddup!" said the parson; off they went.

The parson was working his Sunday text—had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed at what the—Moses—was coming next! All at once the horse stood still, close by the meetin' house on the hill. First a shiver and then a thrill, then something decidedly like a spill; and the parson was sitting upon a rock, at half past nine by the meetin' house clock,—just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found, when he got up and looked around? The poor old chaise in a heap, or mound, as if it had been to the mill and ground! You see, at once,

if you're not a dunce, how it went to pieces all at once,—all at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst. End of the wonderful one-hoss shay: Logic is logic; that's all I say.

THE OLE MAN AND JIM.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Suggestions—This affectionate and pathetic recitation requires a strong impersonation. The speech of Jim's father in telling him good-bye must be suited to the thoughts preceding it each time. His last speech at the dying boy's side must be full of pathos.

Old man never had much to say—'ceptin' to Jim—and Jim was the wildest boy he had, and the old man jes' wrapped up in him! never heerd him speak but once or twice in my life—and first time was when the army broke out, and Jim he went, the Old man backin' him, fer three months. And all 'at I heerd the Old man say was, jes' as we turned to start away—"Well; good-bye, Jim: Take keer yourse'f!"

'Peered like he was more satisfied jes' lookin' at Jim and likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—cause he was jes' wrapped up in him! and over and over I mind the day the Old man come and stood round in the way while he was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—and down at the depot a-he'rin' him say—"Well; good-bye, Jim: Take keer yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm disting'ished Jim; neighbors all ust to wonder why the Old man 'peared wrapped up in him but when Cap. Biggler, he writ back 'at Jim was the bravest boy we had in the whole regiment—white er black, and his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—'at he had led, with a bullet clean bored through his thigh, and carried the flag through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—the Old man wound up a letter to him 'at Cap. read to us, 'at said—"Tell Jim good-bye; and take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough to take the whim 'at he'd like to go back in the calvery—and the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!—Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore, guessed he'd tackle her three years more. And the Old man give him a colt he' d raised and follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,

and laid around for a week or so, watchin' Jim on dress-parade—tel finally he rid away, and last he heard was the Old man say—"Well; good-bye, Jim: Take Keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did, a-watchin' fer Jim—fully believin' he'd make his mark some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—and many a time the word 'u'd come 'at stirred him up like the tap of a drum—at Petersburg, fer instance, where Jim rid right into their cannons there, and tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way, and socked it home to the boys in gray, as they skooted fer timber, and on and on—Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone, and the Old man's words in his mind all day—"Well; good-bye, Jim: Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps, we'll say like Jim, 'at's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—and the Old man jes' wrapped up in him! Think of him—with the war plum' through, and the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue a-laughin' the news down over Jim and the Old man, bendin' over him—the surgeon turnin' away with tears 'at hadn't leaked fer years and years—as the hand of the dyin' boy clung to his father's, the old voice in his ears—"Well; good-bye, Jim: Take keer of yourse'f!"

GINEVRA.

Susan Coolidge.

Suggestions—This strange, weird story will, if well delivered, leave a lasting impression. It requires artistic acting, and a voice colored to suit the thoughts. Where Ginevra leaves her husband's home and goes to her father's house and pleads to let her in is one of the most touching pictures to be found. It affords an opportunity for the most artistic acting.

So it is come! The doctor's glossy smile deceives me not. I saw him shake his head, whispering, and heard poor Giulia sob without, as, slowly creaking, he went down the stair. Were they afraid I should be afraid? I, who have died once and been laid in the tomb? They need not. Little one, look not so pale. I am not raving. Ah! you never heard the story. Climb up there upon the bed: Sit close and listen. After this one day I shall not tell you stories any more.

How old are you, my rose? What! almost twelve? Almost a woman! Scarcely more than that was your fair mother when she bore her bud; and scarcely more was I when, long years since, I left my father's house, a bride in May. You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church, gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown on the Mercato, humming at its base. That was my play-place ever as a child; and with me used to play a kinsman's son, Antonio Rondinelli. Ah, dear days! Two happy things we were, with none to chide or hint that life was anything but play.

Sudden the play-time ended. All at once "You must be wed," they told me. "What is wed?" I asked; but with the word I bent my brow, let them put on the garland, smiled to see the glancing jewels tied about my neck; and so half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth by my grave husband, older than my sire. O the long years that followed! It would seem that the sun never shone in all those years, or only with a sudden, troubled glint flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love raised to my face—my conscious, woeful face.

Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined together, none forbidding for so long. They let our childish fingers drop the seed, unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain; they let the firm, small roots tangle and grow, then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant. I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

Life was all shadow, but it was not sin. I loved Antonio, but I kept me pure, not for my husband's sake, but for the sake of him, my first-born child; mine for a few short weeks, whose touch, whose look thrilled all my soul, and thrills it to this day. I loved; but, hear me swear, I kept me pure! (Remember that Madonna, when I come before thy throne to-morrow. Be not stern, or gaze upon me with reproachful look, making my little angel hide his face and weep, while the others turn glad eyes rejoicing on their mothers.)

It was hard to sit in darkness while the rest had light, to move to discords when the rest had song, to be so young and never to have lived. I bore, as women bear, until one day soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more," and with the word uprose, tore clay apart, and was what was blank before grew blanker still.

It was a fever, so the leeches said. I had been dead so long, I do not know the difference, or heed. Oil on my breast. The garments of the grave about me wrapped, they bore me forth and laid me in the tomb.

Open the curtain, child. Yes, it is night. It was night then, when I awoke to feel that deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams of moonlight, creeping through the grated door, the coffins of my fathers all about. Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back, as, struggling out of mine, I dropped and fell with frantic strength I beat upon the grate. It yielded to my touch. Some careless hand had left the bolt half-slipped. My father swore afterward, with a curse, he would make sure next time. Next time. That hurts me even now!

Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which, and down the darkling street I wildly fled, led by a little cold and wandering moon, which seemed as lonely and as lost as I. I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light and human touch; but still my witless steps led to my husband's door, and there I stopped, by instinct, knocked, and called. A window opened. A voice—'twas his—demanded: "Who is there?" "'Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone change into horror, and he prayed aloud and called upon the saints, the while I urged, "O, let me in, Francesco; let me in! I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!" Then with a crash the window was shut fast; and, though I cried and beat upon the door and wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove down the hard distance toward my father's house. "They will have pity and let me in," I thought. "They loved me and will let me in." Cowards! At the high window overhead they stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed. "I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in! I am not dead. In mercy, let me!" "The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire. My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax to St. Eustachio, who would remove this fearful presence from her door. Then sharp came click of clock, and a long tube was thrust from out the window, and my brother cried, "Spirit or devil, go, or else I fire." Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb and the cold coffined ones! Up the long street, wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went. My feet were bare and bleed-

ing from the stones; my hands were bleeding too; my hair hung loose over my shroud. So wild and strange a shape saw never Florence since.

At last I saw a flickering point of light high over head, in a dim window set. I had laid down to die; but at the sight I rose, and with expiring strength knocked and sank, again, and knew not even then it was Antonio's door by which I lay. A window opened, and a voice called out: *"Quie"* "I am Ginevra." And I thought, "now he will fall to trembling, like the rest, and bid me hence." But, lo, a moment more, the bolts were drawn, and arms whose very touch was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in. "O ghost or angel of my buried love, I know not, care not which, be welcome here! Welcome, thrice welcome, to this heart of mine!" I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

It was high noontide when I awoke again, to hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed—my father's and my husband's; for, with dawn, gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb, had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet, over the pavement to Antonio's door. Dead, they cared nothing; living, I was theirs. Hot raged the quarrel; then came Justice in, and to the court we swept—I in my shroud—to try the cause. This was the verdict given: "A woman who has been to burial borne, made fast and left and locked in with the dead; who at her husband's door has stood and plead for entrance, and has heard her prayer denied; who from her father's house is urged and chased, must be adjudged as dead in law and fact. The Court pronounces the defendant—dead! She can resume her former ties at will, or may renounce them, if such be her will. She is no more a daughter or a spouse, unless she choose, and is set free to form new ties if so she choose."

O, blessed words! That very day we knelt before the priest; my love and I were wed, and life began.

Child of my child, child of Antonio's child, bend down and let me kiss your wondering face. 'Tis a strange tale to tell a rose like you. But time is brief, and, had I told you not, haply the story would have met your ears from them, the Amieris, my own blood, now turned to gall, whose foul and bitter lips will wag with lies when once my lips are dumb. (Pardon me, Virgin. I was gentle once, and thou hast seen

my wrongs. Thou wilt forgive.) Now go, my dearest. When they wake thee up, to tell thee I am dead, be not too sad. I who have died once, do not fear to die. Sweet was that waking, sweeter will be this. Close to heaven's gate my Antonio sits waiting, and, spite of all the Frati says, I know I shall not stand long at the gate, or knock and be refused an entrance there, for he will start up when he hears my voice, the saints will smile, and he will open quick. Only a night to part me from that joy. Jesu Maria! let the dawning come.

THE WOMAN I LOVED.

Suggestions—This selection gives a splendid opportunity for facial expression, showing the varying moods of disgust and relief. Gestures suited to the thoughts will add much to its rendition. He is sarcastic and sneers at the sights he sees just over the way.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay, with nothing to trouble me here. I've seen at a window, just over the way, the changes of many a year; when the curtain is down at the close of the day, there are shadows that often appear. Shall I tell you the story? Ah, well! you will find it is only a tale of the commonest kind. I was romantic when young—you may smile—A very "Beau Brummel" in manner and style; my features were ruddy, my teeth were like pearls; I was handsome, and fond of the beautiful girls, till an incident happened I faintly recall: I loved and I lost, but I lived through it all. What comfort it was, in those moments of gloom, as I sat in the shade of my desolate room, when my labor was done, at the close of the day, and gazed at a window just over the way, where a pair of young lovers, devoted and true, had built them a nest, and were hidden from view. The curtain was down, and nobody could see; but their "tattle-tale" shadows presented to me such pictures of rapture, of joy and delight, I forgot my own grief at beholding the sight.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay, I've toiled and I've prospered in trade; my wishes are heeded; my servants obey; my bills are all settled and paid. There's nothing on earth that I know of to-day to trouble or make me afraid. Many months passed away; many changes and cares I could see, o'er the way, in my neighbor's affairs; their kisses grew scanty,

their curtain unclean, and seldom together the lovers were seen. Then came o'er the curtain new forms of delight, like "imps in a bottle," that danced in my sight. Some chidings, low spoken, were brought to my ear that I was reluctant and sorry to hear; and loud cries of children in rage and affright were wafted away on the winds of the night. There were shadows of care that were novel to me, that made me rejoice that my spirit was free, that my life was untrammeled by fetters and bars, that my peace was unbroken by family jars.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay, with no one to love but myself; I know I am old, I know I am gray—I've plenty to eat on the shelf. My nephews and nieces are kndly to-day; they love me and long for my pelf. The window is down, but my neighbors are there; the lover is living, without any hair —His ringlets have vanished and gone to decay, for fingers, once loving, have plucked them away, and his shadowy head, both behind and before, is as smooth and as bare as the knob of a door. The daughters are married, the sons all are grown, the lovers are left in the mansion alone, and sounds of contention are brought to my ear, discordant, unpleasant and frightful to hear. I see her triumphant, I hear her command, I see him submit at a wave of her hand; and the sounds that I hear and the sights that I see bring comfort, delight and contentment to me, *For the woman I loved is still living to-day, the wife of my neighbor just over the way.*

AUX ITALIENS.

Robert Bulwer Lytton.

Suggestions—This strange story has proved to be successful before many audiences. It will require much thought to understand it thoroughly. There is splendid opportunity for action, especially where he turns and sees his early love and goes to her.

At Paris it was, at the opera there; and she looked like a queen in a book that night. With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair, and the brooch on her breast so bright. Of all the operas that Verdi wrote, the best, to my taste, is the Trovatore; and Mario can soothe, with a tenor note, the souls of purgatory. Well, there in our front-row box we sat together, my bride betrothed and I; my gaze was fixed on my opera hat, and hers on the stage hard by. And both were

silent, and both were sad;—like a queen she leaned on her full white arm, with that regal, indolent air she had; so confident of her charm!

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love as I had not been thinking of aught for years, till over my eyes there began to move something that felt like tears. I thought of the dress that she wore last time, when we stood 'neath the cypress trees together, in that lost land, in that soft clime, in the crimson evening weather; of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot); and her warm white neck in its golden chain; and her full soft hair, just tied in a knot, and falling loose again; and the Jasmine flower in her fair young breast; (Oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine flower!) And the one bird singing alone in his nest; and the one star over the tower. For I thought of her grave below the hill, which the sen'inel cypress-tree stands over: and I thought, "Were she only living still, how I could forgive her and love her!" And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour, and of how, after all, old things are the best that I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower which she used to wear in her breast.

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there, in a dim box over the stage; and drest in that muslin dress, with that full soft hair, and that jasmine in her breast! To my early love from my future bride one moment I looked. Then I stole to the door, I traversed the passage; and down at her side I was sitting, a moment more. My thinking of her, or the music's strain, or something which never will be exprest, had brought her back from the grave again, with the jasmine in her breast. She is not dead, and she is not wed! But she loves me now, and she loved me then; and the very first word that her sweet lips said, my heart grew youthful again. The Marchioness there, of Carabas, she is wealthy and young and handsome still; and but for her——well, we'll let that pass; she may marry whomever she will. But I will marry my own first love, with her primrose face, for old things are best; and the flower in her bosom, I prize it above the brooch in my lady's breast. And I think, in the lives of most women and men, there's a moment when all would go smooth and even, if only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven.

THE PATHWAY OF GOLD.

Homer Greene.

Suggestions—The tender pathos and exquisite beauty of this selection are seldom found. Its successful delivery depends upon deep pathos, mingled with the beauty of the description. Graceful and delicate gesturing is necessary.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, as I sit on the sand and she on my knees we watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter, my sweet little daughter Louise. We wonder what city the pathway of glory, that broadens away to the limitless west, leads up to;—she minds her of some pretty story and says: "To the city that mortals love best." Then I say: "It must lead to the far away city, the beautiful City of Rest."

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, stand two in the shadow of the whispering trees, and one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter, my womanly daughter Louise. She steps to the boat with the touch of his fingers, and on the diamond pathway they move; the shallop is lost in the distance, it lingers, it waits, but I know that its coming will prove that it went to the walls of the wonderful city, the magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water, I wait for her coming from over the seas; I wait to but welcome the dust of my daughter, to weep for my daughter Louise. The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor, gleams bright, like a way that an angel has trod; I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender, sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod; but *she* rests at the end of the path in the city whose "builder and maker is God."

PLATONIC LOVE.

Suggestions—This selection must be begun in a cold, hard didactic style as though the reciter never felt a touch of the great passion of love. The gradual melting of the hard heart will require voice modulation and coloring that is difficult to give.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid, for we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid. Besides I had my higher aims, for science filled my heart, and

she said her young affections were all wound up in her art. So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live 'twixt man and woman unless each has something else to give. We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man, I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan. We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to say, so we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped and feared, with common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared. We dreamed together of the days, the dream bright days to come, we were strictly confidential and called each other "chum." And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills, and rustic bridges and the like, which picture makers prize to run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny skies. And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release, we floated down the river or loafed beneath the trees. And talked in long gradation from the poet to the weather, while the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out together. But through it all no whispered word or telltale look or sigh told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy, we talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulæ, and thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow," I took her hand, for the time had come to go, my going meant our parting when to meet we did not know. I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy heart, for though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for friends to part. "Well, good-bye, old fellow; don't forget your friends across the sea, and some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a line to me." The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind rose upward with a story of quite a different kind; and then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid eyes of blue, full to the brim and running o'er, like violet cups with dew; one long, long look, and then I did what I never did before; perhaps the look meant friendship, but I think the kiss meant more.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Shakespeare.

Suggestions—This is very effective when given with proper action. It falls flat without it. The impersonations and gestures should be thoroughly artistic.

All the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first, the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then the whining school boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school. And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances; and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the lean slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish trebble, pipes and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion,—sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

JIM BLUDSO.

John Hay.

Suggestions—This selection is of the same nature as John Maynard. A deep feeling for the heroic soul will give the voice the right coloring. Suit the action to the words and you can make this a success.

Wall no! I can't tell where he lives, because he don't live, you see; leastways, he's got out of the habit of livin' like you and me. Whar have you been for the last three years, that you haven't heard folks tell how Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks, the night of the "Prairie Belle." He warn't no saint

—them engineers is all pretty much alike—One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill, and another one here in Pike. A careless man in his talk was Jim, and an awkward man in a row—but he never pinked, and he never lied, I reckon he never knowed how. And this was all the religion he had—to treat his engine well; never be passed on the river; to mind the pilot's bell; and if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire, and a thousand times he swore he'd hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last soul got ashore. All boats has their day on the Mississip', and her day came at last, the Movastar was a better boat, but the Belle, she wouldn't be passed, and so came tearin' along that night, the oldest craft on the line, with a nigger squat on her safety valve, with her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar, and burnt a hole in the night, and quick as a flash she turned, and made for that willer bank on the right. There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out over all the infernal roar, "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot's ashore." Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat Jim Bludso's voice was heard, and they all had trust in his cussedness, and knowed he would keep his word. And sure's you're born, they all got off afore the smoke-stacks fell, and Bludso's ghost went up alone in the smoke of the "Prairie Belle." He warn't no saint—but at judgment I'd run my chance with Jim 'long side of some pious gentlemen that wouldn't shook hands with him. He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing, and went for it thar and then; and Christ ain't a-going to be too hard on a man that died for men.

JOHN MAYNARD.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Suggestions—This beautiful, sad, heroic selection requires artistic acting and voice coloring to make it thoroughly successful. The voice should be full, strong and heroic, in the descriptive parts; while the conversation between the captain and John Maynard should be in a loud, anxious tone for the captain, and a stifled and choking, though courageous and determined voice for John Maynard. It is one of the best selections.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse one bright summer day, the gallant steamer "Ocean Queen" swept proudly on her

way. Bright faces clustered on the deck, or leaning o'er the side, watched carelessly the feathery foam that flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky, that smiling bends serene, could dream that danger, awful, vast impended o'er the scene; could dream that ere an hour had sped that frame of sturdy oak would sink beneath the lake's blue waves, blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side, a moment whispered low; the captain's swarthy face grew pale; he hurried down below. Alas, too late! Though quick, and sharp, and clear his orders came, no human efforts could avail to quench the angry flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck; it sped from lip to lip, and ghastly faces everywhere looked from the doomed ship. "Is there no hope, no chance of life?" a hundred lips implore; "But one" the captain made reply, "to run the ship to shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul that hour should yet reveal, by name John Maynard, eastern-born, stood calmly at the wheel. "Head her south-east!" the captain shouts above the smothered roar, "head her south-east without delay! make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek, or clouds his dauntless eye, as, in a sailor's measured tone, his voice responds, "Ay! ay!" Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight, crowd forward wild with fear, while at the stern the dreadful flames above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames, but still with steady hand, he grasped the wheel, and steadfastly he steered the ship to land. "John Maynard, can you still hold out?" he heard the captain cry; a voice from out the stifling smoke faintly responds, "ay! ay!"

But half a mile! a hundred hands stretch eagerly to shore. But half a mile! that distance sped all peril shall be o'er. But half a mile! yet stay, the flames no longer slowly creep, but gather round that helmsman bold, with fierce, impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard!" with an anxious voice the captain cries once more, "stand by the wheel five minutes yet, and we shall reach the shore." Through flame and smoke that dauntless

heart responded firmly still, unawed, though face to face with death, "With God's help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides, they scorch his hand and brow, one arm disabled seeks his side, ah! he is conquered now. But no, his teeth are firmly set, he crushes down his pain, his knee upon the stanchion pressed, he guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet! brave heart thy task is o'er, the pebbles grate beneath the keel, the steamer touches shore. Three hundred grateful voices rise in praise to God that he had saved them from the raging fire and from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold? The captain saw him reel, his nerveless hands released their task, he sank beside the wheel. The waves received his lifeless corpse, blackened with smoke and fire. God rest him! Never hero had a nobler funeral pyre.

OUR CHAMPION SNORER.

Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—A successful delivery of this selection requires the ability to imitate all the various ways of snoring. When all the imitations are being given, it may be intensified by facial expression. yawning, grunting, groaning, "chawing," etc. In the descriptive parts the voice should be colored to suit the thoughts of a mad, sleepless, irritable person.

We were on the night train from Little Rock to St. Louis to fill an engagement. The service on this road is not excelled by any in the United States. We were tired out from traveling and had planned for a good night's sleep, and retired early in the "Niagara" sleeper. Every berth in the sleeper was taken, and by ten o'clock everybody had retired. Before everything was quiet, there came a low terrific gutteral rattling from "lower berth thirteen" that opened every eye in the car. "Gu-r-r-art—ga-r-r-art! gwoffpt." Our first impression was that some one was in intense agony. Our sympathies were aroused and we were ready to go to his aid, when lo and behold he gave another "Gwa-h-hhah!" which left no doubt in the mind as to what it was.

When boys, our father employed a laboring man whom we had considered the champion snorer; but he was not "in it" with the fellow who occupied berth thirteen that night. He possessed wonderful staying powers. He struck it high; he struck it low; he struck it soft; he struck it hard; and he struck all the combinations possible in the human voice. Again he struck it hard with a "Gwa-ar-rt-art." Some fellow in the car shouted: "Put him out," and this was answered by a chorus of shouts, "Put him out!" It did no good, for again he tore loose with a "Gwook! Gur-r-r-och! Gwock!" Some fellow shouted "Turn over there." Another shouted, "Lower his head." "Wake him up." "Throw some cold water on the scoundrel." All had remedies, but no one had the courage to apply them. Despite the swearing and shouts and yells of the sleepless sleepers, the agonizing performance continued. "Gwa-a-ah! Ker-r-r-erk! Kwofft!" Oh, the cold blooded diabolism of that "cussed" fellow. After an hour or two the unfortunate travelers gave up in despair. All night long there was a low muttering of cursing and swearing; but above it all there was that sleep-destroying snorer. "Gwookt! Gur-r-r-r-art! Gwah-ah-ah-ahrt! Gah-wah-ah-gwart! Gur-r-r-rock! Gawokt! Gur-r-raht; Kowpft! Goo-oo-oo-yooft! Kyah-yah-yah-yahft! Kow-or-or-ort! Woock-ock-ck-workft!" He kept it up all night long, entermingled with groans and grunts and "chawing" like a hog.

At the dawning of morning there was an early rising of travelers—something unusual in a sleeping car. Every one kept his eye on "lower berth thirteen." After all were up and attired, there was a rustling of the curtain at this berth thirteen; and all eyes were fixed with a steady gaze at the fiendish place. Another rustling of the curtain, when great heavens! there appeared the features and form of a beautiful girl!

COUNTRY COURTING IN ARKANSAS.

J. A. Watkins.

Suggestions—This selection gives a splendid opportunity for action. The character of the big, bashful boy must be thoroughly portrayed, and all his actions exagerated or over-done. When he catches at the

fly, give a large, full sweep of the arm, the mouth stretched as widely as possible, showing the teeth, and the eyes opened wide, showing their whites. In addresing the girl, let the mouth open, the tongue moving, biting his lips, and varied emotions playing on the face.

In a country district down in the southern part of Arkansas, a big two hundred pound red-headed, red-faced, big-shouldered, double-fisted, bow-legged, box-ankled, bashful chump of a fellow was courting a dark-haired brown-eyed miss. He had made up his mind that he would "pop" the question that day, so he carried his big cur dog along with him in order to have his faithful servant there in case any trouble should arise.

It was a hot, sultry day. She sat in a little willow rocking chair on one side of the room fanning for dear life to keep cool; while he sat in another rocker on the other side of the room, fanning and playing with his dog. After grinning at one another for awhile, and fanning and rocking, she said: "Simpy, wut's your dorg's name?" "Bulger." She fanned and rocked and he fanned and rocked, but neither any cooler grew. A fly was lighting on "Burger's" nose, disturbing that faithful dog's repose, and "Simpy" undertook to catch it. With a grin on his face that stretched his mouth from ear to ear, he made a dive for that fly. She hitched her chair over a foot or two, and asked, "Wut's 'Bulger' good fur?" "Catchin' bu-bu-cows." She fanned and rocked, and he fanned and rocked, but neither any cooler grew.

Presently he hitched his chair over two or three feet ("Bulger" got up and moved with him), and he asked, "Will you have—you have-have?er-will your mother raise many geese this year?" "Yes; and ganders, too." Then he went after that fly again, and they both fanned and rocked and fanned and rocked, but neither any cooler grew. After a pause, he hitched his chair over two or three feet more, and "Bulger" moved with him. Everything quiet for a moment, and he made a dive for that fly again. He mustered up courage, and said, "Do you love—you love—love-er-do you love per-turnips?" "Yes, I'm very fon' of pertaters." Again and again he went after that fly with that monstrous grin covering his face; and she fanned and rocked, and he fanned and rocked, but neither any cooler grew. Again he hitched his chair over two or three feet, and old "Bulger" got up

and moved too; and then she hitched her chair a foot or two. That encouraged him, so he hitched is chair over again, and by this time they were so close that rocking was impossible. "Bulger" got up and lay down at their feet. She fanned, and he fanned; but neither any cooler grew. He again went after that fly; and after a pause he leaned toward her, and said, "I'm a good min' to bite you." "Wut you a good min' to bite me fur?" "Ca'se you won't have me, that's why. "Ca'se you ain't axed me, that's why." "Then I axes you." "Then you has me."

Suddenly "Bulger" sprang from his slumbers with a bound, thinking his master was calling him; but he was mistaken—the sound he heard was something else.

DE PINT WID UNCLE MOSE.

J. A. Watkins.

Suggestions—Give the old citizen a dignified talk and bearing; while Uncle Mose is nervous and frightened and talks back rather rapidly and excited. A good impersonation of these two characters will make a splendid "hit."

Uncle Mose was a good old darky on a Southern plantation when "our late unpleasantness" broke out. He ran away from his master, and joined the Northern army to fight for his freedom. His first, and only, fight was in the Fort Donaldson battle; and when the firing began and his comrades were dropping dead around him, Uncle Mose's courage failed him—he could not stand it, so he "scooted." After the battle, an old citizen found him sitting by the road-side meditating on the sad vicisitudes of life; dressed in his soldier clothes, which seemed to make him uncomfortable. The old citizen began questioning the old darky.

"Hello, uncle, what are you doing here?" "Boss, I'se skeered!" "The deuce you say; were you in the fight?" "Yes massah, I tasted of it." "Of course you stood your ground and fought like a soldier?" "No sah, boss; I runs. Bles' de Lawd you never see'd sich runnin'." "Well there is nothing in that like a brave soldier." "No sah, boss; dat ain't in my line—farmin's my perfeshun." "Well I don't think you have much regard for your reputation." "No sah, boss; rep'tashun's nothin' by de side ob my life." "But you

are fighting for your freedom and your country." "Ah, boss, dem t'ings ain't nothing compar'd to my life." "You must consider your life worth a great deal; worth more than most people's?" "Deed, boss, it am wort' mo' to me. Wort' mo' dan a million dollahs; wort'mo'n all de world to me; fur wut would all dat be wort' to dis yere niggah wid de bref blown out'n him. My life ain't on de ma'ket—and den dese yere feet want let dis niggah stan' up 'fore dem white fo'ks to shoot at." "Well, all I can say; you are not much of a hero." "No sah, boss; any time I see'd I'd rethur be a livin' niggah dan a deed hero." "Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?" "Nothin' 'tall, boss; I consider dem 'mong do foolish noshuns o' fo'ks." "But if you fight for your country and win your freedom, you will be given suffrage." "Fur de good Lawd, boss; I'se dun suffer'd nuff now." "Well, if all our soldiers were like you, our country would be broken up without resistance." "Dats wut it would, boss; dere would be no help fur it." "Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed in the fight?" "Didn't wait to see massah. Dead white man wa'n't nothin' to dem solgers, let 'lone a dead niggah; but I'd miss myse'f, boss, and dat was de pint wid Uncle Mose."

DAT SIXTY DOLLAH TONE.

J. A. Watkins.

Suggestions—This selection requires that each of the negroes be given a certain character or stamp, and they maintained throughout the delivery. Uncle Jerry is an old darkey, with an old negro voice and hard of hearing; while Ike is proud and stuck-up negro buck with egotism in his voice and action. The conversation must be carried on as loud as the size of the hall will permit.

Uncle Jerry, who is a deaf old negro, meets Ike with his banjo on his way to a dance.

Uncle Jerry—"Hello Ike, wich way you gwine?" Ike—"I'se gwine down to de ball." "Eh?" "I say I'se gwine down to de ball." "Where am dat?" "Down to Missus Wheeler's." "Go way niggah! down 'mong de white fo'ks." "Yes." "You don't tol' me so; gwine to wait on de table?" "No. I'se gwine to make de musik." "Eh?" "I say, I'se gwine to make de musik." "Oh, no you ain't." "Yes, I'se

gwine to play on dis." "Wut; on dat banjo; you don't tol' me so?" "Yes, I sho' am gwine to make de musik for dem white fo'ks to dance." "Eh?" "I say, I'se sho gwine to make de musik fur dem white fo'ks." "Ike, am dis de same banjo wut you's got now?" "No, dis am a new one." "Eh?" "No. I say dis am not de one wut I allus had now. Dis am a new one." "It am nice." "Yes, it am very nice." "Eh?" "I say it am a fine musik box." "Does it cos' much to occupy one like dat?" "It cos' dis niggah sixty dollahs." "Eh?" "I say it cos' me sixty dollahs." "Wut! Sixty dollars for a t'ing like dat?" "It am de tone wut cos'." "Eh?" "I say it am de tone wut cos'." "Oh! sixty dollahs for de tone. Wut am dat?" "Dat am de kin' o' musik the banjo makes." "Eh?" "I say it am de tone wut de banjo's got." "An' you paid sixty dollahs for de tone." "Yes, sixty dollahs for all togedder." "Eh?" "I say I paid sixty dollahs for de tone and de banjo togedder." "Where am de tone?" "It am in de banjo." "Where? I sho' want to see dat t'ing." "Oh, you can't see it; you hear it." "Eh?" "I say, you can't see it; you hear it." "Well den I sho' want to hear dat tone." "Oh, it aint strung up." "Eh?" "I say it aint keyed up." "Wut's dat?" "Oh you'll hav' to go down to Missus Wheeler's to hear it." "Eh?" "Oh' you ol' fool." "Eh?" "I say de house am gwine to be full! Come and go wid me." "Do you s'pose dem white fo'ks would keer if dis old niggah wa'ch dem?" "No I don't t'ink so." "You gwine to play dat banjo so I kin hear de tone?" "Yes, I'se gwine to play de banjo, and den you kin hear de tone." "Eh?" "Yes, I say I'se gwine to play de banjo, and den you kin hear de tone; so come on, dis niggah's got to be gwine." "Well, Ike, I'se gwine wid you, for I sho' wont to hear dat sixty dollah tone."

FEW IN HEAVEN.

G. K. Watkins.

Suggestions—The little boy in this selection is thoroughly in earnest. He, like all children, is interesting, and if his character is thoroughly portrayed, this selection is very successful.

The mother and her little boy were sitting on the porch

where they could see the orchard containing the cherry and apple trees. The mother thought it would be a good time to impress the importance of telling the truth. She had just finished telling her son the story of George Washington how he cut the cherry tree with his little hatchet, and could not tell a lie about it, when the boy began:

"Ma, do all truthful folks go to heaven when they die?" "Yes, certainly they do." "If they steal, do they?" "No." "Liars and thieves won't go to heaven when they die, will they, ma?" "No, the Bible says they will not." "Well, ma, will George Washington go to heaven when he dies?" "Yes, my son; he was a great and truthful man. He died many years ago, and went to heaven." "Ma, did George Washington have any little Georges?" "No." "He was too good to have any story-telling boys, wasn't he, ma? Ma, did pa ever tell a lie?" "I don't know. I suspect he has told some things that were not exactly true." "Well, did grandma and uncle Tom, and auntie ever tell a lie?" "I guess they told some little ones when they were small." "Well, ma, did my Sunday school teacher ever tell a lie?" "I suspect she has." "And our preacher, too?" "I am afraid so, my son." "Ma, did—you—ever—tell—a—lie?" "Yes, my son, your mother has told some things that were not true." "But George Washington never did, did he?" "No indeed." "Ma! I don't believe I want to go to heaven when I die." "Why, dearie?" "Cause it will be so lonesome up there with just God and George Washington.

A HARD OLD BRICK.

Suggestions—This selection is interesting all the way through, but to make it highly successful, the character of the boy must be thoroughly portrayed. The boy's words are occasionally tinged with sarcasm, and on the last line his mischievous sarcasm reaches the climax.

A little boy and his father were out for a walk one afternoon and they came to a brick yard, where the following conversation took place:

Little boy: "Papa, what place is this?" Father: "This my son, is a brick yard." "Whose brick yard is it papa?" "It belongs to me, my son." "Who does that big pile of

brick belong to, papa?" "They belong to me, too." "Well, do those dirty men belong to you too, papa?" "No, my son. Those men are free; there is no more slavery in this country." "Well, what makes them work so hard for then if they are free?" "Because they are poor, and are obliged to work for a living." "But, papa; why are they so poor when they work so hard?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, don't somebody steal from them what they make?" "No. What makes you ask such rediculous questions?" "Well, I thought maybe some of that dirt got in their eyes and blinded them; but, papa, don't the bricks belong to them after they have made them?" "No. They belong to me." "Papa, what are the bricks made of?" "Clay, my son." "What, that dirt down there?" "Yes, nothing else." "Papa, who does that dirt belong to?" "It belongs to me." "Did you make the dirt, papa?" "No, my son; God made it." "Did he make it especially for you?" "No. I bought it." "Well, did you buy it of God." "No. I bought it the same as I buy anything else." "Well, did the man you bought it of, buy it of God?" "Oh, I don't know; ask me something easier." Well, its a good thing you have got the dirt, aint it papa?" "Why, my son?" "Because you would have to work for a living like those dirty men if you didn't have it; but papa, will I have to work for a living when I'm a man?" "No, my son; I will leave you the land when I die." "Papa, don't people turn to clay when they die?" "Yes; what is left of them returns to clay." "Papa, when are you going to die?" "Oh, I don't know. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing; only I was just thinking what a hard old brick your clay would make."

ARKANSAS WITNESS.

Suggestions—The drawl, style and actions of a backwoods farmer should be in strong contrast with the dignity of the judge and the sharpness of the lawyer. The judge, lawyer and witness should be given a distinct voice and character and carried through the entire selection. Impersonation with voice characterization make this selection a great success.

"What is you name?" asked a United States attorney of an old "squatter," who had been summoned before the court as a witness.

"Which name, Squire?" "Your right name, of course." I ain't got none." "What, you don't mean to say that you haven't got a name?" "Oh, no sir." "This summons says that your name is Ananias Peters. Is that so?" "Reckin it is." "Thought you didn't have a right name?" "I ain't." "Look here, sir. Don't trifle with this court. Your prevarication will not be tolerated here. Why did you say that Ananias Peters was not your right name?" "'Ca'se it wasn't right to name a boy Ananias, therefore it ain't a right name. The Bible, I believe, sorter called Ananias a liar." "Which," interposed the judge, "makes it peculiarly applicable in your case." "Look a-here, judge, I don't want to progic with you, 'ca'se you've got the upper hand of me, but I don't want you to hit me with the Bible. A man's in a bad enough fix when yer fling the law at him, but when yer fling the law an' the gospel both, he ain't got no show." "Where do you live?" asked the attorney. "At home." "But where is your home?" "In the neghborhood o' whar I live." The judge turned away to conceal a smile, and the attorney giving the "squatter" a look of extreme severity, said, "Do you know where you are, sir?" "Yes, sir; I'm here." "You won't be here much longer, unless you answer my questions." "I'm answerin' your questions, Squire, go on with your rat killin.'" "Where were you when Mr. Jasen, the defendant, cut timber from government land?" "When did he do the cuttin'?" "That's what I want to find out. I think it was somctime in October." "Wal, sometimes in October I was in one place an' sometimes in another." "Did you ever see him cutting government timber?" "I believe I did." "When?" "Durin' the war when he was in the army." "None of your foolishness now. Didn't you come along the road one day in October and talk to the defendant while he was choppin down a tree?" "No, sir." "Remember you are under oath. So you didn't see him while he was chopping down a tree?" "Didn't say, that, Squire, for I did see him choppin' the tree." "Did you stop and talk to him?" "Yes sir." "Thought you said you didn't stop and talk to him?" "Didn't say it." "You did." "Didn't say it." "What did you say?" "Said I didn't talk to him while he was choppin', fur when I come up an' spoke, he quit choppin'." "How long have you been living here?" "Too long." "How many years?" "Been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?" "The year I come here." "How old is your boy?" "Ef he had lived, he would have been the oldest until yit, but as he died, Jim's the oldest." "How old is Jim?" "He ain't as old as the one that died." "Well, how old was the one that died?" "He was older than Jim." "What do you do here for a living?" "Eat." "That will do," said the lawyer. "Is there anything else you want to know?" asked the witness.

ASKING HER PAPA.

Webster Edgerly.

(Written expressly for J. A. Watkins by the president of Ralston University of Expression.)

Suggestions—This selection may be given by one or two persons. If given by two, each one should be "made up" to represent the two characters. It is equally effective if given by one person, though it requires artistic acting to thoroughly portray each character. It is one of the best humorous selections.

Bertie Winsom calls upon Esquire Sourcross to ask for his daughter's hand in marriage. The young man finds the old gentleman in his office, seated at his desk, looking over the morning's mail, when the following conversation took place:

Bertie: "Good morning 'squire." (No response.) "Good morning 'squire." (Still no response.) "I came for your daughter's hand." Squire: "What?" "I beg your pardon; but I am in love with your daughter, and she told me I might ask you for her hand." "For what?" "Your daughter's hand." "You come to me for it. I haven't it. Has she lost it?" "No, no, no, no, you don't understand. I love her, and came to ask you for her hand. That is—to ask your consent for her to give me her hand." "Dear me; doesn't she want it herself." "Yes, yes, we both want it." "Which hand." "Oh, her right hand." "Don't you want her left hand, too?" "Yes, yes, I want both her hands." "Why didn't you say so in the first place." "Oh, you don't understand." "Yes I do. You want my daughter's hand, then you want her two hands. That's plain." "But I don't want the hands." "You said you did." "You are stupid."

"What?" "Oh, I beg your pardon. I mean you are dull." "Me dull and stupid? How dare you?" "Of course I don't mean that! I am excited! I love your daughter, and I came to ask you for her hand." "And then both hands?" "Yes, yes." "Well, what will you do with her hands? Have you ever made a living with your own! Do you need four hands?" "I don't want her hands to use." "What for then? to preserve in alcohol?" "No, no, no, no, her hands stand for her." "Stand! Her hands stand? Look here, young man, I have heard of boys standing on their hands, but never of young ladies. Do you know what you are talking about?" "No." "I thought not." "But I do." "You said you did not." "Well, I love your daughter, and I want to know if you will part, will part—" "Will part with part of my daughter. Do you want me to divide her up, and distribute her around, and give you the hands?" "Nothing of the sort. I want her heart." "Oh, the heart! Then you have abandoned the hands?" "No, I want her heart and hand." "You want her heart and one hand?" "No, no, hands, hands, hands; all the hands she's got, and her whole heart." "But what can you do with this limited amount of human anatomy? A heart and two hands are not enough to begin business with, or to start life on." "But I love your daughter; and she loves me. You are angry with me and have sent her away." "Why, I am not angry with you. I am here in my office attending to business and common sense. You come in here and make certain requests of me which I am unable to understand. When you make yourself sufficiently clear, or at least, give me a partial idea of what you are driving at, then I will give you a definite answer." "Well, you have sent your daughter away from me, and I want her back." "You want what?" "I—want—her—back." "Look here, young man, I have listened patiently to your request for various parts of my daughter's physiological construction; but this is too much for me. You will next be wanting her ears, her nose,

her mouth, her chin, her neck, her shoulder blade or her wish bone. You don't know what you want. You get out of here, or I will give you my boot." "Well, 'squire, you can use your boot; but I am not going to give it up until I let you know I want your daughter." "Whole? complete? inseparable?" "Yes, yes." "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? She is yours. May heaven bless you both, my young man."

"CALLS."

Suggestions—The secret in giving such selections as this lies in the ability to completely impersonate the child. All children are not alike, yet all are interesting. Give the childs voice, actions and mannerisms, and this is a telling success.

The Rev. Mr. Littleton, after having successfully conducted a church fair, returned to his home and entered the library; when his little son came in, and began asking questions:

"Papa, where have you been?" "To the fair." "What fair?" "Oh, our church fair." "Did they have it out to the fair grounds?" "No." "Where then?" "Down in our church." "Did they have horses and cows?" "Oh, no, they didn't show anything." "Well, what did they do?" "Oh, they sold toys, and clothes and something for people to eat." "Did they sell them to the poor?" "Not especially; they sold to anybody who had the money." "Oh, I know; it was the feast of the passover." "U-h-h." "Papa, do you want me to be a preacher when I'm a man?" "Yes, if the Lord calls you." "Did the Lord call you, papa?" "Yes," "What did he say?" "Told me to go and preach the gospel to every living creature." "Didn't tell you to preach to niggers, did he?" "Now, that will do." "Papa, you thought the Lord called you again the other day, didn't you?" "Oh, I don't know what you are talking about." "Well, the other day I heard you tell ma you had another call to some place; and you said you would go if you could get two hundred dollars more. Wouldn't the Lord give you two hundred dollars more to go there?" "Didn't I tell you to hush?" "No, sir." "Well, I want you to hush, and don't bother me with your questions." "Well, you tell me about that call, and I

will." "Well a church in another town wanted me to go there and preach." "Why didn't you go?" "Couldn't afford to. They didn't offer pay enough." "Then the call wasn't loud enough, was it?" "Hardly." "If it had been louder and stronger, would you went." "I would have gone if they had offered me enough money." "Then that wasn't the Lord calling you, was it?" "I don't think so." "How much does the Lord give you to preach?" "You see that door?" "Which door?" "That one." "Yes,, sir." "Well, you get out of here." "But I want to stay in here?" "Yes, and I want to study; and you are too foolishly inquisitive?" "Papa, ain't I your boy?" "Yes, but don't ask so many questions?" "Well, how many must I ask?" "Oh, none; don't bother me; I'll give you ten cents if you will get out." "Call ain't strong enough." "Well, here's a quarter; get out." "Call is strong enough."

PAPA AND THE BOY.

J. L. Harbour.

Suggestions—This beautiful selection is always interesting to an audience, because it comes so near the realistic. The run of the conversation is winning itself, but when the child's part is thoroughly stamped with voice and action, it becomes very effective.

The following conversation took place about two o'clock in the morning:

Little Boy: "Papa. (no reply) papa." Papa: "Well?" "You 'wake, papa?" "Yes." "So's me." "Yes, I hear that you are; what do you want." "Oh, nuffin'." "Well, lie still and go to sleep then." "I isn't s'eepy, papa." "Well ,I am. "Is you? I isn't not a bit. Say, papa?" "Well." "If you was rich what would you buy me?" "I don't know—go to sleep." "Wouldn't you buy me nuffin'?" "I guess so; now you go—" "What, papa?" "Well, a steam engine, maybe; now you go right to sleep." "With a bell that would ring, papa?" "Yes, yes; now you—" "And would the wheels go round, papa?" "Oh yes, yes; shut your eyes and—" "And would it go choo, choo, choo, choo, papa?" "Yes, yes; now go to sleep." A short wait. "Papa." No answer from papa. "Say, papa?" "Well, what now?" "Is you 'f'aid of the dark?" "No." "I isn't either, papa." "Well?"

"Papa, if I was wich, I would buy you somefin'." "Would you?" "Yes; I'd buy some ice cweam and some chocolate drops, and a toof brush, and some panties wiv bwaid on 'em like mine, and a candy wooster, and—" "Well, now that will do; you must go to sleep." A short silence, and then—"Papa, papa!" "Well, what now?" "I want a jink." "No you don't." "Yes I do, papa."

Past experience has taught you there will be no peace until you have brought the "jink" and you go blundering in the dark after that "jink" knocking your shins against everything in the room. You bring the "jink" and, "Now I don't want to hear another word from you to-night; you go to sleep." Ten minutes later the little boy says: "Papa!" "See here now, papa will have to punish you if you don't—" "I can spell 'dog', papa." "Well, nobody wants to hear you spell it at two o'clock in the morning." "B-o-g—dog; is that right?" "No it is not; but nobody cares if—" "Then it is 'd-o-g' isn't it?" "Yes, yes; now you lie right down and go to sleep." "Then I'll be a good little boy, wont I?" "Yes, you will be the best little boy on earth; good night dearie." A short wait, and then its: "Papa!" "Well, well, what now?" "Is I your little boy?" "Yes, yes, of course." "Some mans haven't got any little boys; but you have, haven't you?" "Yes." "Don't you wish you had two, free, nine, 'leven, twent-six, ninety-nine, free hundred little boys?"

The mere possibility of such a remote and contingent calamity so stuns you that you lie speechless for ten minutes, during which time you hear a yawn or two in the bed by your side, the little fellow rolls over two or three times, a pair of heels fly into the air, a warm moist little hand reaches over and touches your face to be sure that you are there, and the boy falls asleep, with his hells where his head ought to be.

EDUCATING TO A PURPOSE.

Suggestions—The boy in this selecton must be given a distinct character. Being ignorant and uneducated, yet with lots of "horse sense," he is intensely interesting. His speech, actions and mannerisms are entirely different from that of a boy of his age, and yet ed-

ucated and refined. The teacher should be impersonated as being composed and dignified, yet thoroughly interested in his would-be farmer.

"Look here," said the teacher, "what are you going to do with that book?" "'Lowd I'd study hit," replied the kid. "But it is not a school book, and you cannot study it here." "It's got readin' in it, 'hain't it?" "Yes, it has reading in it." "Hain't other books got readin in 'em?" "Yes, generally." "Then why kaint I study this 'un?" "Because it is not a school book." "School books got readin' in 'em, hain't them?" "Yes." "This 'un's got readin' in it, hain't it?" "Yes." "Then why kaint I study hit?" "Because it is not the right kind of a book." "Pap 'low'd it wuz." "Why did he 'low that?" "Cause it tells 'bout farmin', an' I'm goin' to be a farmer. Pap said wa'n't no use goin' to school 'less a feller larnt somethin' wut 'ud be o' use to him, an' he 'low'd if I wuz goin' to be a farmer, I got to larn 'bout hit." "Can you read?" "Guess I kaint none to hurt." "Can you spell?" "Rekon not." "Do you know the letters?" "Yes, I know 'em." "Do you know them all?" "Yes, I know 'em when I see 'em, an' I know thar names, but I don't know one from t'other." "Then what do you expect to do with that book?" "'Low'd to study hit." "But you can't unless you learn the letters." "Kaint I larn 'em in hit?" "No." "Hain't they in hit?" "Yes, but they are not arranged so you can learn them conveniently." "Pap 'low'd they was sorter flung in togther an' mixed up, but he said he rekin you could help me pick 'em out, 'cause you wouldn't have nothin' o' no 'count to do." "Your father is slightly mistaken. Is this little fellow your brother?" "Yes." "What kind of a book has he?" "A hoss doctor book." "Does he expect to study it?" "He 'low'd he'd study hit a few jerks." "Does he know his letters?" "Not 'nuff to hurt." "He'll have to get another book." "Pap 'low'd he ort to study this 'un, 'cause he's goin' to be a doctor." "A horse doctor, eh?" "No, a shore 'nuff doctor wut waits on sick fo'ks. Pap 'low'd that 'ud pay, 'cause doctors git alfired big prices. You don't kech 'em workin' like a dog fer six bits a day." "No; but if your brother is going to be a doctor, why does your father want him to study a horse doctor book?" "'Cause he 'low'd wut wuz good for horses wuz good fer fo'ks. I rekin it is too, 'cause once when mam

wuz sick pap dosed her with some hoss medicine, an' she got well. She come mouty nigh not makin' the riffle, though." "Indeed." "Yes-sir-ee. Pap said he never see nobody come so nigh kerflumixin' as she did, an' that if he hadn't a'dosed her with hoss medicine, she'd a-kicked out o' the traces shore." "That's too bad, too bad." "Bet your hide. It 'ud 'a been a powerful slam on pap if mam had kicked the bucket, 'cause the corn-gatherin' an' winter-wood-gittin' hadn't been tended to yit. But say, I've got 'nother brother wut'll come to school to-morro'." "Yes?" "He's going' to fetch a Bible 'long 'cause he's laid off to be a preacher." "How old is he?" "Most five I rekin." "He doesn't know the letters either, I presume?" "No." "Does he want to be a preacher?" "Rekin he ain't keerin' much, but pap 'low'd he ort to be. He rekon'd thar wuz a right smart o' money in hit, countin' the marriage o' fo'ks and all such things." "Well, well; you all are starting in early to study for your professions?" "Wut's 'em?" "Professions are your callings in life." "Yes, we 'low'd we mout as well. Pap says if a feller's goin' to be a thing, he mout jist as well larn to be hit at first. Hain't no use monkeyin' with doctor books and the Bible if a feller's goin' to be a farmer, is there. I'm a-goin' to be a farmer?" "I presume not." "That's wut pap says, an' he's powerful long-headed."

KISSING.

L. R. Hamberlin.

Suggestions—This parody on "The Raven" may be given with the Dundreary lisp and drawl; making 's' the sound of 'th;' 'r' as 'w,' thus: 'Once' is pronounced 'wunth,' 'was' is 'wath,' 'dreary' is 'dweawy.' It is equally effective uttering the words as they appear. The facial expression must portray every thought in an exagerated form. The opportunity for acting is very great. On the words "old man's boots," a jump is effective: "Whoop! ye gods!" should be accompanied by another jump in to the air. The action on "closed and locked the door," should suit the thought. A feeling of scare and fear should permeate the whole selection.

Once upon a midnight dreary, ere December's winds grew weary, I was sitting on a sofa with my girl behind the door; vainly there I had been trying, with entreaties and with

sighing, and my soul was almost dying, for the kiss I did implore; oh, to kiss that pretty creature! merely this I said before, "Only this and nothing more!"

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December, while each separate corn-cob ember wrought its ghost upon the floor, how I tried, till near the morrow, how I tried, in vain, to borrow just one smack—but, oh! I sorrow, sorrow as I think it o'er; "Just one little kiss, my darling!" this I pleaded o'er and o'er, but she answered, "Talk no more."

Here, the doggone, quick, uncertain rustling of a window curtain thrilled me, filled with paternal terrors never felt before; so that now, to still the breathing of my heart, I stood repeating: "'Tis some stranger, cold, entreating entrance, but he's missed the door; some poor stranger, cold, entreating entrance, but he's missed the door—probably this and nothing more."

There awhile I stood to listen, and I thought I saw eyes glisten, thought I saw the old man's frownings through the window shutters pour; and the fact is, I was frightened, when, all suddenly, it lightened, and the window by it brightened, while a light fell 'cross the floor, for I thought it was a lantern throwing light across the floor—but 'twas lightning, nothing more.

But I tell you I was "skeered" up, and my brain was slightly stirred up—dreamings of that old man's boots aroused me then as ne'er before; for I oft had been forbidden, by her father been forbidden ever to be found there hidden with that girl behind the door, and I thought that he had caught me with his girl behind the door, but 'twas lightning, nothing more.

Backward to the sofa turning, all my soul within me burning, soon again I took to begging for the boon I asked before; for, that beauteous girl beguiling all my fancy into smiling, I straightway went to piling stronger prayers than e'er before; and she tumbled toward me, saying, "only one, then ask no more"—then we kissed behind the door!

Whoop! ye gods! and fiends of evil!—may I never see the devil, if I did not feel that minute, nettles hot that made me roar! I had knelt to kiss a maiden and my soul was in an Aidenn, when my back was sudden laden with whip-lashes falling sore! and my soul recoiled within me at those lashes falling sore—these I felt and nothing more.

But that whip was sign of parting, and I quickly set to starting, with no hat in double-time, too, out the opening of that door: I had blue stripes as a token of that anger never spoken; and, sometimes, there is a broken, funny itching as of yore. Now I vow I'll kiss no girl till I've closed and locked the door—oh, no! never—nevermore!

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Suggestions—This is one of the most humerous selections ever written, but it requires great acting. It must be given rapidly, and yet every word must be uttered distinctly so that the audience will not lose any of them. The whole front of the stage or rostrum must be used as the keyboard. The reciter should have a chair on the stage or platform so he can actually jump into it and give the shout, "Go it Rube!" The ending we have added is much more effective than the original.

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leee'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says "heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heerd a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard then some more in the trees near the house, and all

begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashing diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

Then it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a-sniv'lin' and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tip-toed and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not being able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, my Rube."

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from world's end to world's end, all the angels went to prayers.

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tail a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadder of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd he crost over first gentleman, he chassed right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand double bow knots.

And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb-a-goin'

at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceiling come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, tenpenny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree. Tump, Tompson in a Tumbler cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle iddle-iddle-id d l e —r e e d l e eedle eedle eedle—p-r-r-r-rlank! Bang ! ! ! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r ! ! ! Bang! ! !

With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he come down with his knees his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I again jumped into my chair and shouted, "Go it Rube!" and they put me out.

THE DESERTER.

Suggestions—The voice in the beginning should be low in pitch, but strong and brave, and so continues until he shouted, "Comrades, adieu!" The last sentence should be given with deep pathos. In telling his dream a great deal of artistic acting will add materially to its successful delivery.

"Deserter!" Well, Captain, the word's about right, and its uncommon queer I should run from a fight, or the chance of a fight; I, raised in the land where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand, and who've fought all my life for the right of my ranch, with the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche. But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run away, "drunk?" No sir! I'd not tasted a drop all day; but—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night, and I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright and went for my horse; 'twas up and away: And I rode like the wind like the break of the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamed of my wife—the true little woman that's better than life—I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten, the youngest is four—all brave little men—of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove, the star of my home, the rose of its love. I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine. And I knew that around it the grass had been mown, for I felt, in my dream, the

sweet breath of the hay—I was there, for I lifted a jassamine spray; and the dog that I loved heard my whispered command, and whimpered and put his big head in my hand. The place was so still; all the boys were at rest; and the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast, I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood in a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood. The Comanche had the place—captain spare me the rest; you know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—to save or revenge them—my head was aflame, and my heart had stood still; I was mad I dare say, for my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day; then I knew what I'd done, and with heart broken breath, when the boys found me out I was praying for death. "A pardon!" No, captain, I did run away, and the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay with my life. It is not hard to be brave when one's children and wife have gone over the grave. Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the west put a ball through my heart; its kindest and best.

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head and the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—Shouted: "Comrades, adieu!"—spread his arms to the west—and a rifle ball instantly granted his rest. But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea, wives and mother have planted a blossoming tree, and maidens bring roses and tenderly say; "It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier away."

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

John G. Saxe.

Suggestions—This selection has been given with as much success as any we know of. The delivery should run with a musical swing, giving stress to the rhyming words. It affords opportunity for displaying talent in acting. The sequel should be made with a bombastic appeal, direct to the audience.

This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one. is old; but the manner is wholly a new one. One Ovid, a writer of some reputation, has told it before in a tedious narration; in a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness, but which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young Peter Pyramus—I call him Peter—not for the sake of the ryhme or the metre, but merely to make the name completer; for Peter lived in the olden times, and in one of the worst pagan climes that flourish now in classical fame, long before either noble or boor had such a thing as a Christian name. Young Peter was then as nice a young beau as any young lady would wish to know; in year, I ween, was rather green, that is to say, he was just eighteen—a trifle too short, a shaving too lean, but as nice a young man as was ever seen, and fit to dance with any May Queen.

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl as ever ensnarled the heart of an earl in the magical trap of an auburn curl—a little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door (they lived, in fact, on the very same floor with a wall between them, and nothing more; those double dwellings were common of yore), and they loved each other, the legends say, in that very beautiful, bountiful way, that every young maid and every young blade are wont to do before they grow staid, and learn to love by the laws of trade. But (alackaday for the girl and the boy) a little impediment checked their joy, and gave them awhile the deepest annoy—for some good reason, which history cloaks the match didn't happen to please the old folks.

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother, began the young couple to worry and bother, and tried their innocent passion to smother by keeping the lovers from seeing each other. But who ever heard of a marriage deterred, or even deferred, by any contrivance so very absurd as scolding the boy and caging the bird? Now Peter, who was not discouraged at all by obstacles such as the timid appall, contrived to discover a hole in the wall, which wasn't so thick, by removing a brick, made a passage, though provokingly small. Through this little chink the lover could greet her, and secrecy made their courting the sweeter, while Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter, for kisses, like folks with diminutive souls, will manage to creep through the smallest of holes.

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love, laid a nice little plot, to meet at a spot, near a mulberry tree in a neighboring grove; for the plan was all made by the youth and the maid, whose hearts it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones. In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,

the beautiful maiden slipped out of the house, the mulberry tree impatient to find; while Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind, strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree, a terrible lion, as e'er you set eye on, came roaring along quite horrid to see, and caused the young maiden in terror to flee (a lion's a creature whose regular trade is blood, and a terrible thing among ladies), and losing her veil as she ran from the wood, the monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil all covered o'er and reeking with gore, turned all of a sudden, exceedingly pale, and sat himself down to weep and to wail. For soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter made up his mind in very short metre, that Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her. So, breathing a prayer, he determined to share the fate of his darling, the loved and the lost, and fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost.

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau lying dead by her veil, which she happened to know, she guessed in a moment the cause of his erring; and seizing the knife that had taken his life, in less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

Young gentlemen, pray recollect, if you please, not to make appointments near mulberry trees. Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head to be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead. Young ladies, you shouldn't go strolling about when your anxious mammas don't know you are out; and remember that accidents often befall, from kissing young fellows through holes in the wall.

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

Sola Wood Rusk.

Suggestion—This selection requires a great deal of facial expression and characterization. It should be given faster and with more interest toward the last. Its success depends on portraying the character of Aunt Jemima. It can be made very humerous.

Waal, girls, if you must know, reckon I must tell you. Waal 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima." And I sez,

sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir." "Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Are you sure?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other kind o' ticks.

Bimeby father sez to to me, sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and then the man he drinks, and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, until they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it about time for me to be going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Ineed, father, you are the best judge of that yourself." "Wall" he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing gown and slippers, and I will go to bed." And he put them on and soon went to bed.

And there sot that man. Bimeby he begin a-hitching his chair up towards me—oosh. Oh, my. I was all in a flutter. And he sez, sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir." For I was most scared to death. Waal, there he sot; and arter awhile, will ye believe me, he began hitching his chair up closer, and closer to me; and he sez,sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir," And he sez, sez he, "Will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Waal, he hitched his chair close up agin mine, and put his arm around my waist—oh-h-h-h my—and I hadn't the heart to tell him to take it away, 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks; and he sez, sez he, "Jemima." And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time: I want ask ye again, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir."—fur I didn't know what else to say.

THE POWER OF PRAYER. *

Alice May Youse.

Suggestions—The most effective way to deliver this beautiful selection is to have the hymn sung by a tenor concealed, and to have soft music where indicated. The whole recitation may be delivered by one person.

SING: "Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

It was on an ocean steamer,
And one voice above the rest,
Beautiful, pure, rich and mellow,
All the air with music blest:

SING: "Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into that haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Something more, a faint remembrance
Broke upon the listener's ear—
Yes, he thought, 'tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear.

SING: "Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

Silence followed. Then the stranger
Stept up to the singer rare,
"Were you in the Civil War, sir?"
"A Confederate, I was there."
Then a time, a place, were mentioned—
"Were you?" "Yes, and strange to say
This same hymn was then my comfort,
That you hear us sing to-day."

*This selection may be had in book form with photographic illustrations—17 in number—from the Shaftesbury College of Expression, Baltimore, Md.

"Dark the night, so cold and dreary,
And my boyish heart felt low,
Pacing there on sentry duty,
Dangerously near the foe.
Midnight came, the darkness deepened,
Thoughts of home forebodings brought
So, for comfort, prayer and singing,
Dissipated gloomy thought." *Soft Music*

SING: "All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy Wing."

Then a strange peace came upon me,
No more fear and gloom that night,
Dawn came, heralding the morrow,
Ere the first faint streak of light." *Soft Music*

Then the other told his story,
',I, a Union soldier, true,
In those woods that very evening,
With my scouts was passing through,
You were standing, and our rifles
Covered you. We heard you sing:

SING: 'Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing.'

'Twas enough. "Boys," I said "come,
Lower rifles; we'll go home." *Play softly last line of tune.*

UNCLE PETE AND THE TROLLY CAR.

W. H. Neal.

Suggestions—If this recitation is well rendered, an audience will always remember the reciter for having heard him give Uncle Pete and the Trolleycar. The negro voice and dialect alone will win; but add to this the excellent acting possible in the selection, and it is wonderfully effective. The action in telling the man to "turn off your coffee-grinder," and where he uses his "persuader," and where he pulls and jerks, and pushes, and kicks, and strikes, and bites the old mule, should be the height of the realistic.

You' needn't look so s'prized at me, Mandy, for a-comin' home wiffout sellin' dis yere garding sass. I couldn't git nigh to de town, no how; dat ar fool mewl, Absal'm, was de'casion of de whol' trubble; deed he was. It was dis yere way: I was a riddin' 'long kinder slow like, in de dirt road 'long side de cah track, a-thinkin' dat de stuff would bring a mighty smart price in de ma'ket, when I heerd some-m a singin' an' a-buzzin' an' hummin' like a million bees right behin' me, jist dis yere way—whiz-zi-ziz-ziz-ziz-iz-zip! an' dar was a ringing' ob a bell like dis yere way: Clang-lang-lang-clang! an' I dun thought dat de bees had swa'med an' de folks were a-hiven' ob dem again. Den I looked mighty quick like and, Mandy, dar I saw a hoss cah cummin' down de hill all by itself; de hosses left 'way back in de dust, kase I couldn't see dem nowhar, an' dat cah jist a-comin' a-bilin' an' a man on de front end a-turnin' a coffee-grinder to stop it; 'twant no use, dat ar cah was jist a-runnin' away. I pulled old Absal'm up mighty sudden. "Whoa dar, Absal'm," I said, "dat car has dun got beyon control."

Den I thought to myself, if de man can keep it on de track till it git down to de bottom of de hill, de cah will stop fo' sure, an' de passengers kin git out an' walk up, till dey git de hosses to pull de cah up. Mandy, yo' dun open yo' ears an' heah wut I'se gwine to say; dat ar cah nebber stopped but slid up de odder hill jist as slick an' fast as if de debbel was arter it.

Don't you roll yo' eyes dat ar way, Mandy, like if you didn't b'lieve me; I dun seed it, 'deed I did; an' de only thing dat was strange about it dat ar cah had a clothes-prop a-stickin' outen de top, hitched onto a telegraff wiah.

"Dat's mighty curis," I said to a man gwine 'long de road, den I dun axed what 'casioned it. "Dat's a trolly cah,"

said he, "run by electricity." "Go 'long hunny," I said, "you can't fool dis yere niggah wiff yo' elextrixity; grabitation got some'n to do wiff dat ar thing."

Ole Absal'm was still a-pickin' up his ears, an' den he look 'roun' at me, kinder skeerd like, much as to say, "Some'n 'rong 'bout dat boss." Den I clucked to ole Absal'm to git up—jess so—(imitate clucking)— fo' I wanted to git into de town mighty smart an' early wiff de garden sass an' sich like things. But ole Absal'm dun stan' as if he was glued to de dirt.

"Go on dar, you dun heah me? Dat ar trolly cah ain't a-gwine to hurt you'." But he jess shake his head—jess so (imitate)—an' I dun know wut dat ar mean. Den I persuaded him to move wiff dat bundle ob switches wich I call my persuader, but ole Absal'm jist shake his head an' kick outen his feet an' wouldn't move a peg. I reckon' dat it was better to spile de switch dan it be to spile de mewl, so dat I dun persuade him some mo', an' I mos' wair out dem switches on de ole mewl's back, but he jess wag his ears, kind 'o aggervatin' like. Den I dun git outen de caht an' took him by der bridle. "See heah, Absal'm," I said kinder sad like. "I'm a-gwine to try moral 'suasion on you now; I dun want you to quit yo' foolin', you min' my words? I dun mus' go and git into town at once or else I'm a-gwine to miss de ma'ket." De ole mewl wouldn't mov', so I took de bridle an' pulled him wiff all de force ob dese yere arms; and den I push him back, but, Mandy, dat ole mewl jess wouldn't mov' nohow.

"See heah, Absal'm, you dun heah? You jist get up and git outen yere, or I mi' ten lose my temper." De old mewl jess set out his feet some mo' and' lay back his ears an' go to sleep like. Den dat get my dander up like an' I 'lam dat ole mule ober de head wid my fist, an' I pull his ears an' bite one ob dem; an' den I kick, and slam wid de lines but taint no use. Mandy, dat ole mewl want mov' nohow. Den I climbed back into de caht and waited.

"You ole fool you, I can be as stubbo'n as you can, and I don't stir outen dis yere spot till you do." Wiff dat, ole Absal'm he done switch his tail, an' he start an' pull de caht on de street cah track; an' dere he stop agin. An', Mandy, de berry next minnit I dun heah de whiz-ziz-ziz-ziz-ziz-zip! klang-lang-lang-blang ob de trolly cah a-cummin'.

"Heah you Absal'm, git offen dat track, you dun heah me in good an' earnes'" an' den I laid on de persuader mighty heavy. De ole mewl wouldn't stir; and de cah war a-cummin' like greased lightnin'. "Hol' on dere, mistah, hol' on dar; turn off your coffee-grinder; dis yere ole mewl got de bawks. Hol' on dar, turn off your coffee-grinder, turn off your coffee-grinder." But de cah com' on jess as fas, an' he yell for me to git outen de way; an' I thought dat I was bound fo' du kingdom com'; but de man stopped de cah befo' it hit me an' ole Absal'm. Den anodder man cum up, all in blue solger clothes and brass buttons. He said, "Com' dar ole man, get offen de track." Den I sa': "I'd like to 'blige you, boss, but ole Absal'm dun acted scanlus; he wont mov'."

"I dun make him mov'," he said, an' fo' I know'd it, he had hol' de old mewl. De berry nex' minnit ole Absal'm dun struck dat man in de stumjack wiff his fo' paw an' fetch him up dubble; an' dey had to sen' for de 'trol to take him away. Den de man on front of de cah, he sa': "Jess watch me clear de track," an' wiff dat he turns his coffee-grinder, an' de cah com' an' strik my caht in de back, an' turn ole Absal'm clear 'round' an' made him hump hisself. But, Mandy, he fotched him, 'deed he did. He dun push me an' de caht, an' de ole mewl 'long at a mighty rapid rate; an' de ole mewl he war a-rarin', an' a-pitchin', an' a-terin', an' a-tryin' to dig his hoofs in de dirt so he could hol' back; but, Mandy, 'twant no use. Dat ole mewl was a kickin' an' a-slidin', an' I war a holdin like grim death, and a hollerin, "turn off your coffee-grinder, turn off your coffee-grinder." but, Mandy, dat man jess lafft; an' all de people in de cah dey poked out dere heads an' lafft too.

Den ole Absal'm dun fin' out dat it war no use buckin' up agin a thing like dat, so he dun start fo' hom', and like to capsiz' me an' de garden sass. Golly how he did run, an' he nebber stopped runnin' till he lan' me heah befo' de door.

Dere's no use talkin, Mandy, I've dun larned by 'sperience dat de force ob grabitation in a trolly cah has mo' power dan de heels ob an ole white mewl; yo' heah me?

BROTHER WATKINS.

John B. Gough.

Suggestions—This selection is more effective given in a linnen duster, with green eye-goggles, a red bandanna handkerchief and ruffled hair. The words, "fare ye well brother Watkins—ah!" each time should be given with a whinnng voice, and on the word "ah," the whine should be continued until all the air is exhausted from the lungs, then a gasp and asthmatic noise in filling the lungs is wonderfully effective. The facial expression should have the corners of the mouth down, and eyes rolled upward when catching the breath.

My beloved brethren, before I take my text I want to tell you about my parting with my old congregation last Sunday. When I began my farewell discourse, just in front of me sot the good old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks, and their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad fare ye well Brother Watkins ah! Just back of them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance, and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes a fare ye well Brother Watkins ah! Behind them so the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear them say fare ye well Brother Watkins, ah, oh. Around on the back seats and standing in the aisles were the colored brethren, with their black faces and honest hearts, and I could hear them murmur a fare ye well Brother Watkins, ah!

When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with all the brethren, ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church house—ah, the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss covered roof, suggested only a fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah! I mounted my old gray mare with all my earthly possessions in my saddle bags, and as I passed down the streets and on through town, the servant girls stood in the door, and with their aprons waved me a fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah! As I passed out of the village, the low wind blew softly among the branches of the trees and moaned out a sad fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah! I came on down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink, I could hear the water rippling over the rocks, seeminlg to say fare ye

well Brother Watkins—ah! And even the little fishes gathered around and seemed to say as best they could—fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah!

I was slowly passing a lane meditating on the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounced a big hog from the fence corner with a boosh! boosh; boosh! and my old gray mare threw me and my saddle bags there in the middle of the road—ah! and as I lay there in the dust, she ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waived her tail back at me saying—fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!

OPPORTUNITY.

John J. Ingalls.

Suggestions—This selection should be given with the orotund voice large, full and strong.

Master of human destinies am I; fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait. Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate deserts and seas remote—and passing by hovel and mart, and palace, soon or late, I knock unbidden at every gate. If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before I turn away; it is the hour of fate. And they who follow me reach every state mortals desire and conquer every foe save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, condemned to penury and woe, seek me in vain and uselessly implore; I answer not, and I return no more.

THE BUGLE SONG.

Tennyson.

Suggestions—A successful delivery of this beautiful selection requires that the bugle be imitated. On the words, "blow bugle, blow!" the song of the bugle must be made. Then the words, "dying, dying dying!" the song is again made, but to sound as the echo. This is done with the ventriloquial tone.

The splendor falls on castle walls, and snowy summits old in story the long light shakes across the lakes, and the cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying; blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying. O

hark! O hear! how thin and clear, and thinner, clearer, farther going! O sweet and far, from cliff and scar the horns of Elfland faintly blowing! Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying: blow, bugle, answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying! O love, they die in yon rich sky; they faint on hill, or field, or river; our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever. Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying, and answer echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Eugene Field.

Suggestions—This little poem is one of the most beautiful in the English language. It will bring tears to an audience if recited with deep feeling, emotion and magnetism.

The little toy dog is covered with dust, but sturdy and staunch he stands; and the little tin soldier is red with rust, and his musket moulds in his hands. Time was, when the little toy dog was new and the soldier passing fair, but that was the time when our Little Boy Blue kissed them, and put them there. "Now don't you go till I come," he said, "and don't you make any noise." So, toddling off to his trundle bed he dreamt of the pretty toys; and, as he lay dreaming, an angel-song awakened our Little Boy Blue. Oh, the years are many, the years are long, but the little toy friends are true. Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, each in the same old place, awaiting the touch of a little hand, the smile of a little face. And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, in the dust of that little chair, what has become of our Little Boy Blue since he kissed them, and put them there.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Tennyson.

Suggestions—This beautiful selection requires deep, emotional feeling and magnetism for its successful delivery.

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me; and may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea.

For such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound or foam, when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home. Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark; and may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark; for though from out our borne of time and place the flood may bear me far, I hope to see my pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar.

THE ARMY MULE.

Suggestions—The success of this selection lies in its bountiful supply of adjectives. On the last run of adjectives there should be sufficient air in the lungs to utter all of them without halting or hesitaing, and still make each word clear and distinct.

Let others sing of the noble horse, high-stepping, brave and gay, who prances proudly o'er the course in his patrician way. A humbler figure claims my song—a victim of misrule—the poor oppressed, yet tough and strong American army mule; the long-eared mule, Missouri mule; the balking, biting, kicking, fighting, rough and rusty, tried and trusty, tough old army mule.

He's no prize beauty, and, beside, he wasn't made for show. The meat inside his leathery hide is gristlier than crow. But warring nations wait until he comes across the sea before their armies move to kill the blarsted enemy. He's ugly, churlish, crabbed, glum, and cross, and sullen, yet he's won his crown of martydom a thousand times, you bet; that tough old mule, Missouri mule; that aw-he-hawing, kicking, jawing, bucking, biting, swearing, fighting, ugly, rancorous, rude, cantankerous, old moth-eaten, weather-beaten, measly, piebald, grouty, grumpy, rope-tailed, dumpy, darned old mule, Missouri mule, American army mule.

WHAT I WOULD DO FOR HER.

Suggestions—This requires splendid breath control as a basis, and should be delivered with a steady on-beat, getting louder and stronger as progress is made in its delivery. Give a strong accent on every "her" and every verb should receive a strong accent.

I'd swear for her, I'd tear for her; the Lord knows what I'd bear for her; I'd lie for her, I'd sigh for her, I'd drink a

river dry for her. I'd cuss for her, do worse for her; kick up a thundering fuss for her; I'd weep for her, I'd leap for her, I'd go without my sleep for her. I'd fight for her, I'd bite for her, I'd walk the streets all night for her; I'd plead for her, I'd bleed for her, I'd go without my feed for her. I'd shoot for her, I'd boot for her any rival who'd come to suit for her; I'd kneel for her, I'd steal for her; such is the love I feel for her. I'd slide for her, I'd ride for her, I'd swim against wind and tide for her, I'd try for her, I'd cry for her; but I'll be goldarned if I'd die for her—or any other woman.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Alce Cary.

Suggestions—This poetic gem will be prized for its beauty as long as humanity holds sacred and dear the memory of the dead. It is very effective when rendered with the spirit that permeates it.
WHAT WOULD I DO FOR HER

Among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall is one of a dim old forest, that seemeth best of all. Not for its gnarled oaks olden, dark with the mistletoe; not for the violets golden that sprinkle the vale below; not for the milk-white lilies that lean from the fragrant hedge coquetting all day with the sunbeams, and stealing their golden edge; not for the vines on the upland where the bright red berries rest, nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips, it seemeth to me the best. I once had a little brother with eyes that were dark and deep—in the lap of that dim old forest, he lieth in peace asleep. Light as the down of the thistle, free as the winds that blow, we roved there, the beautiful summers, the summers of long ago; but his feet on the hills grew weary, and one of the autumn eves I made for my brother a bed of the yellow leaves. Sweetly his pale arms folded my neck in a meek embrace, as the light of immortal beauty silently covered his face; and when the arrows of sunset lodged in the tree-tops bright, he fell, in his saint-like beauty, asleep by the gates of light. Therefore, of all the pictures that hang on memory's wall the one of the dim old forest seemeth best of all.

BILLY GOODIN'.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Suggestions—A strong child impersonation will make this selection a great success. By substituting other names for "Billy Goodin'" the selection may be specially adapted to any community.

Look so neat an' sweet in all yer frills an' fancy pleatin'! Better shet yer kitchen, though, afore you go to meetin'! Better hide yer mince pies an' stewed fruit an' plums! Better hide yer pound cake an' bresh away the crumbs! Better hide yer cubboard key when Billy Goodin' comes a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'!

Sight o' Sund'y-doin's done 'at ain't done in meetin'! Sun acrost yer garden patch a-pourin' an' a-beatin'; meller apples drappin' in the weeds an' roun' the groun'; clingstones an' sugar pears a-ist a-plunkin' down! Better kindo' comb the grass 'fore Billy comes aroun', a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'!

Billy Goodin' an't ago' to go any meetin'! We'll watch and ketch an' give the little sneak a-beatin'! Better hint we want 'o stay'n' snoop yer grapes and plums! Better eat 'em all yerse'f an' suck yer stingy thumbs. Won't be nothin' anyhow when Billy Goodin' comes! a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'! an' a-eatin'!

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Suggestions—This requires the impersonation of a little boy. The first part is full of enthusiasm and the voice and action should suit the thought. When he falls to sleep the voice and action change to fright. When he awakens his voice is weak, and he grunts and groans with the pain.

Fer Thanksgiving dinner, we had the best you ever see; took no breakfas'—not a bite—jes' sav'd up my appetite 'till they filled my dinner plate, then I jes' sat down an' ate turkey! turkey; Such a lot an' perturnips, steaming hot! an' pertaters! stuffin' too! Celery, an' ist a few lima beans, an' they wuz great; an' I ate! an' ate! an' ate!

Ma 'ist gave me everything—first a drum stock, 'en a wing, 'en some dark meat, an' some light; an' pa said it wuzn't right. But I wuz feelin 'ist first rate, an' I ate! an' ate! an' ate!

Nen we had plum puddin' too! Ma sed I'd have to do with 'ist four slices. Pa sed, "My! hate to be you bye an' bye!" An' that mince pie, it was great, an' I ate! an' ate! an' ate!

Nen we had some nuts an' cake; seemed somehow I couldn't take very much; but rather die than not eat a lot, I ist sailed right in, an' done first rate; an' I ate! an' ate! an' ate!

Nen, bye an' bye, I fell asleep—first thing that chased me wuz a sheep, nen a lion chased me, too; nen a tiger, "Say, kid, guess I'll start in with your feet, little boys is good to eat!" Nen a big black snake come an' said to me, "Say, what's your name?" I said, "Tommy." Snake said, "Oh! guess I'll eat you awful slow." Nen I cried a dreadful lot, an' snake said, "Eat you, cry or not!"

Nen I waked up, an' I saw there wuz ma an' there wuz pa, an' the doctor shook his head, "Indigestion," doctor said, "Get him alright soon again." Oh my! Tommy's got a pain.

THE CONFESSION.

Suggestions—This selection requires a nervous and somewhat bombastic delivery. Restless movements of the body and the hands frequently placed on the stomach and head, help in making it a success.

There's somewhat on my breast, father, there's somewhat on my breast! The live-ling day I sigh, father, at night I cannot rest; I cannot take my rest, father, though I would fain do so, a weary weight oppresseth me—the weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father, nor lack of worldly gear; my lands are broad and fair to see, my friends are kind and dear; my kin are leal and true, father, they mourn to see my grief, but, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father, 'tis not that's she's unkind; though busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind. 'Tis not the cold of her heart that chills my laboring breast; it's that confounded cucumber I ate, and can't digest!

THE STUTTERING MAN.

As Adapted and Recited by Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—This selection requires complete impersonation. The words uttered by the stuttering characters should be practiced until they can be imitated perfectly. Those who stutter naturally, usually have some mannerism that is very effective if added in the action.

"C-a-a-can you t-t-t-tell we where I c-c-c-can f-f-find some t-t-t-tin t-t-t-tacks?" "Yes I can tell you: Just go one square north, then one square west, and one square south, then half a square east, and you will find a hardware store. They keep tacks there." "I t-t-thank you." The stuttering man went his way looking for the hardware store. The other man went directly to the hardware store, which was only half a block away, and began asking the dealer about tacks and stuttering like the man he had directed to his store: "D-d-do you k-k-keep t-t-t-tacks?" "Yes sir, we have some tacks." "D-d-d-do you sell t-t-them?" "Why, of course; that's what we keep them for." "Are t-t-t-they t-t-t-tin t-t-t-tacks?" "We have some tin tacks if you desire them." "Have t-t-t-they g-g-got p-p-p-points?" "Yes, certainly." "Are t-t-t-they s-s-sharp?" "Yes! What's the matter with you!" "T-t-t-then will you s-s-sit d-d-d-down on one of t-t-them t-t-t-till I c-c-c-come back?" Biff! bang! went a ball of thread at the man's head; and he ran out of the store. The anger of the hardware dealer was intense.

All this time the real stutterer was winding his way around the block, looking for the hardware store. After the imitator had left the store, the dealer's anger became greater. The real stutterer at last found the store and he entered and began, innocently, asking "D-d-d-do you k-k-k-keep t-t-t-tacks?" The dealer more enraged than ever let fly a paper weight which grazed his ear; and that was followed by a ball of twine that struck the innocent man on the nose, mashing it flat and splattering blood all over the house. Apologies were soon in order.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE.

Suggestions—The first two sentences are descriptive. The third sentence begins in disgust and contempt, gradually drifting into a

flight of sublime oratory, and while holding the poise on the tip-toes with the right hand pointing to the heavens, look to the audience uttering the last dozen words in assuring triumphant tone. The effect is magical.

I stood on the ocean's briny shore, and with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sand, "Agnes, I love thee." The tossing waves came rolling in and blotted out the fair impression. Frail reed, cruel waves, treacherous sand; I'll trust you no more. But with a giant's hand I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine, and dipping its top in the crater of Vesuvius, I'll write up on the high and burnished heavens, "Agnes, I love thee," and I'd like to see any goldarned ocean wave wash that out!

THE MIDNIGHT MURDERER.

As Adapted and Recited by Watkins Brothers.

Suggestions—This should be given in a loud bombastic voice, with artistic acting. On the word "killed" the position is held long enough to make the sound of the mosquito heard by every person in the audience; then it is killed on the face, and thrown to the floor, at the same time uttering the last two words.

'Twas midnight, a black murderous looking cloud enveloped the earth; the lightning streaked the heavens with its sulphurous flames; the deafening thunders rolled along the vaulted sky; the wind was moving everything before its raging course. A cyclone was coming! Then suddenly the sleepless murderer sprang from his couch and grasped his dagger, while vengeance and murder raved in his heart.

And still the storm increased; the lightning flashed with a brighter glare; the thunder growled with a deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul and the stormy passion which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp; a demoniac smile came upon his lips; he grated his teeth; raised his arm, sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—a mosquito.

SO WAS I.

Suggestions—A jolly, jovial, good nature permeates the whole of this selection, and such must be thoroughly portrayed. Much acting

is required at the end where he finds out that Jack has been rejected. Laughter, facial expression, gesticulation enter into the last paragraph.

Jack, I hear you have gone and done it; yes, I know, most fellows will; went and tried it once myself, sir, but you see I'm single still. And you met her—did you tell me? down at Brighton last July, and resolved to "pop" the question at a soiree? So did I

I suppose you left the ballroom, with its music and its light; for they say love's flame is brightest in the darkness of the night. Well we walked along together, over head the starlit sky; and I'll bet——old man confess it——you were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace, saw the summer moonlight poor all its radiance on the waters as they rippled on the shore, till at length you gathered courage, when you saw that none were nigh, and you drew her close and told her that you loved her? So did I.

Well I needn't ask you further, and I'm sure I wish you joy; think I'll wander down and see you when you're married—eh, my boy? When the honeymoon is over, and you're settled down, we'll try—what? The deuce you say! Rejected! You rejected? So was I.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Suggestions—The climax to this selection is in the action after the last word "kissed" has been uttered. Here, spitting, wiping the mouth, frowning, groaning and stamping of the foot should let the audience know there has been some mistake; then speak the last three words.

Out of doors the twilight shadows deepened fast as evening came; on the hearth the fire was crackling, sending forth its lurid flame. Soon the flames began to dwindle and its light gave place to gloom, just as tender-hearted Romeo softly walked into the room. There the mistletoe is hanging; and beneath its spreading leaves Romeo thinks he sees his Juliet, and his breast with rapture heaves. Up he rushed to take the vantage which time-honored custom gave. O'er and o'er he kissed her, for the darkness made him brave. But a sudden draft now kindles back to life the smouldering flame, filling all the room with brightness—and the hunter sees his game!

Now, poor Romeo is distracted, and his brain begins to whirl, for, mistaking her for Juliet, he has kissed—the negro girl!

MOLLIE'S LAMB.

Suggestions—The sheep has the right of way through this selection. To indicate the butting, clinch the right fist and drive it against the palm of the left hand, grunting, groaning, or screaming with every blow lammy makes in clearing the house. The minister's voice should be soft and sympathetic, and his action that of caressing the sheep.

Mollie had a little lamb as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere Mollie went he emigrated too. He went with her to church one day; the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew. The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion rise, and give it an unchristian kick between the sad-brown eyes. This landed lammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again; alas! that first kick was his last. For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat he stood him on his head. The congregation then arose, and went for that 'ere sheep; several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap. Then rushed they straightway for the door, with curses long and loud; while lammy struck the hindmost man and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he said, "I'll try that game on you." And so he kindly, gently called, "Come, lammy, lammy, lamb; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am." With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Lammy, lammy, lamb; best sheepy in the town." The lamb quite dropped his humble air, and rose from off his feet: and when the parson landed, he was behind the hindmost seat. As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, a gentle smile stole o'er the face of Mollie's little lamb.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

W. P. Palmer.

Suggestions—In this humerous selection, give the teacher a dignified bearing, yet ready to burst with laughter. The little tongue-tied fellow who tells on Will can be made very humerous. The chief character is the boy who did the kissing. It requires considerable acting

to thoroughly portray the boy while explaining to the teacher his excuse for kissing the teasing girl.

A district school not far away, 'mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day, was humming with its wanted noise of threescore girls and boys. Some few, upon their tasks intent, but more, on furtive mischief bent; while the master's downward look was fastened on a copy book; when suddenly, behind his back rose sharp and clear a rousing smack! as 'twere a battery of bliss let off in one tremendous kiss!

"What's that?" the startled master cries. "That, thir," a little chap replies, "wath William Willith, if you pleathe—I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!" With frown to make a statute thrill, the master yelled, "Come hither Will!" Like wretch o'ertaken in his track, with stolen chattels on his back; Will hung his head in fear and shame—to the grave master's presence came, a great big, bashful simpleton, the butt of all good-natured fun. With smile suppressed, and switch upraised, the threatener faltered—"I'm amazed that you, my biggest pupil, should be guilty of an act so rude; before the whole set school to boot; what evil genius put you to 't?"

"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad, "I did not mean to be so bad, but when Susannah shook her curls, and whispered I was afraid of girls, and darn 't kiss a baby's doll, I couldn't stand it, sir, at all; but up and kissed her there on the spot! I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not, but, somehow, from her looks—boo-hôo—I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

THE RIVAL SPEAKERS.

Suggestions—This may be given by one or by two persons. The voice should impersonate each character, if recited by one person. The action should indicate a phyical scuffle for the position on the platform. It must be a spirited contest throughout.

Thomas—(turning to Samuel)—What do you want here? Samuel—I want to speak my pieces, to be sure. Thomas—Well, you'll be sure to wait; 't is my turn now. Samuel—No, it isn't, my learned friend; excuse me, but my turn came before that fellow's who spoke last—him whose voice "was still for open war." Thomas—It's your own fault if you lost your turn. Go. Samuel—Well, that's cool—as cool as an

iced cucumber. Can't you ask some other favor, Mr. Trotter? Thomas—Yes. Hold your tongue. Samuel—Can't do it. Am bound to let off my speech; here goes: "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills—" Thomas—(In a louder tone.) —"Friends, Romans, countrymen!" Samuel—"Greeks, Regicides and fellow-sojers!" Thomas—"Lend me your ears." Samuel—Don't do it; he has enough of his own. Thomas—"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Samuel—(Mimics gestures.)—I come to speak my piece, and I'll do it, Caesar or no Caesar. "My name is Norval—" Thomas—Sam Sly, stop your fooling, or I'll put you off the stage. Samuel—Don't, Tom; you'll joggle my piece all out of me. Thomas—Then keep still till I get through. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Samuel—I say, Tommy, whose calf have you been trying to imitate? Thomas—"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones; so let it be with Caesar." (Again interrupted by Sam mimickng his gestures.) Now, Sam, I tell you to stop your monkey-shines; if you don't I'll make you. Samuel—Try it on. O, you needn't think you can bully me because you wear higher-heeled shoes than I do. Thomas—Nothing but your size, sir, saves you from a flogging. Samuel—Well, that is a queer coincidence; for nothing but your size saves you from the same. (To the audience.) What can be done with him? He's too big to be whipped, and he isn't big enough to behave himself. Now all keep still while I try it again: "My name is Norval—" Thomas—"I come to bury Caesar—" Samuel—How many more times are you going to do it? A nice man you'd be for an undertaker. Thomas—Sam, I'm for peace, but if you— Samuel—You're for peace? I'm for *piece*, too, but for my piece, not yours. As I was saying, "My name is—" Thomas—"Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest (For Brutus is an honorable man—so are they all, all honorable men), come I to speak at Caesar's funeral." Samuel—Caesar is played out, I tell you. "My name is—" Thomas—"He was my friend, faithful and just to me; but Brutus says he was ambitious; and Brutus is an honorable man." Samuel—No such thing! Brutus was a brutal fellow. Thomas—Come, Sammy, let me finish my piece and then you can have the whole platform to yourself. Samuel—You're very kind, Mr. Trotter; kind as

the Irishman who couldn't live peaceably with his wife, and so they agreed to divide the house between them. "Biddy," said he, "you'll just take the outside of the house, and I'll kape the inside." Thomas—(To the audience.)—You see it is useless for me to attempt to proceed so I trust you will excuse me. (Exit.) Samuel—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will excuse him. He means well, but he is lacking here. (Touching his dead.) He might make a decent crier, or auctioneer; but when it comes to oratory—to playing the part of Mark Antony—well, modesty forbids me to say more, except as the coast is clear, I will proceed with my part: "My name is Norval; on the Grampion hills my father feeds his flock—a frugal swain—whose—whose—whose—" (Aside to a boy near by.) What is it? "A frugal swain, whose—whose—whose—" There; if I'm not stuck already! So much for that fellow's attempt to bury Caesar! He buried my memory instead, and your patience too, I fear. "A frugal swain—whose—whose—whose—" Well, I must give it up! (Exit with hands over face.)

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

Suggestions—The voice and actions must impersonate these two characters. The laughter of the apologizing man should be excessive, with an attempt to suppress it.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at 200 pounds was walking along with bright eyes and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock yer jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! no! ho! ho; ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none of your penitence and none of your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:

"Sir I ask your forgiveness, I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up I had to—ho! ho! ha; ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:

"You see we are all—ha! ha!—liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ha!

ha! ha ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Suggestions—This recitation requires the impersonation of a little boy. It is effective by twisting the body from right to left, hinging at the ankles, and other actions and mannerisms of a child.

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer pa; an' he's the goodest man ever you saw! He comes to our house every day an' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay, an' he opens the shed—an' we all 'ist laugh when he drives out our little old wobblely calf; an' nen, ef our hired girl says he can, he milks the cows for 'Lizabuth Ann. Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's 'ist so good he splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood, an' nen he spades in our garden, too, an' does most things 'at boys can't do. He clim'ed clean up in our big tree an' shooked a' apple down fer me, an' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann. an' nother'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man. Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes, an' tells 'em, if I be good, sometimes. Knows 'bout Giunts an' Griffins an' Elves, an' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallars theirselves, an' wite by the pump in our pasture lot he showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got, 'at lives way deep in the ground, an' can turn inter me or 'Lizabuth Ann! ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he was makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me says: "When you're big like your pa is air you go' to keep a fine store like his, an' be rich merchant, an' wear fine clothes? Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?" An' nen he laughed at 'Lizebuth Ann, an' I says: "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man! I'm 'ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!" Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

THE GOBBLE-UNS' 'LL GIT YOU.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Suggestions—This requires the impersonation of a little child. When children are telling a story or news, they are generally very active with hands, eyes, facial changes. When they emphasize a word they hold on to it, and "drawl" it out.

Little orphan Annie's come to our house to stay, an' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away, an' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep an' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep; an' all us other children, when the supper things is done, we set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun, a list'nin to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about, an' the gobble-uns 'at git you, ef you don't watch out!

Onct there was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs an' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs, his mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl, an' when they turn't the kivvers down he was't there at all! an' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby hole an' press, an' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I guess, but all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-a-bout! an' the gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin, an' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin, an' onct, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there ,she mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care! An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide, they was two great, big, black things a standin' by her side, an' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know what she's about. An' the gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out.

An' little Orphan Annie says when the blaze is blue, an' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo! An' you

hear the crickets quit an' the moon is gray, an' the lighten' bugs in dew is squenched away, you better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear, an' cherish them 'at loves you an' dry the orphan's tears, an' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about, er the gobble-uns 'll git you, ef you don't watch out!

THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

Hezekiah Strong.

Suggestions—This selection requires an artistic impersonation of an old farmer. The voice and action count for more than the words. The description must be so vivid that there is no doubt left in the minds of the audience about the old fellow stopping his wagon across the railroad track.

I can't tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick; but 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick; it broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm 'most out. But take a seat; I'll try and tell jest how it kem about: You see, I'd started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine, a-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline, and drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before, the off-hoss run a splinter in his foot, and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole, well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole; I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said. And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad track, and read. I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to spell: I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L: And that spelt "rail," as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road." I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed. C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot, made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dared do't. "Railroad crossing"—good enough—L double O-K, "look;" and I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book. O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there was, "look out," I's kinder cur'us, like to know jest what 'twas all about; F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the;" and then I tried the next word; it commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there came an awful whack; a thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track; the hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash, and I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two; but, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled through; it ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team of mine; but, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign.

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Suggestions—A cracked voice, a nervous, irritable action. Where she prays, the attitude and action should suit the words. When she thinks her prayer is being heard and answered, she becomes much enthused and excited.

Once upon a time there was an old maid; not that maids are particularly rare; but this old maid just came under my care. Long she had painted, primped and primped, ruffled, bustled and aired. The beaux didn't, nor wouldn't, come nigh. So at last she dispaired, she looked at the men; but they looked the other way. She heaved a heavy, heart-broken sigh of care.

"This ceases to be a matter of work—it becomes a matter of prayer." So out in the woods on a Sabbath day; she knelt and prayed with all her soul: "Oh Lord, I beg of Thee a husband, I pray for a man, I can't stand this no longer —to live alone in this old world, and no one to hug or kiss."

Now up in a tree rested an owl, who being disturbed in his afternoon snooze, called out an angry "To who! to who!" The maiden thrilled with joy, her hope like a bird took wing. "Asketh thou of me, who, oh Lord- Oh Lord just any old thing, just so it is a man!"

ORATOR PUFF.

Suggestions—This selection requires strong characterization. The two voices of the orator must be very decided and given at the right place. It is very effective when given the correct interpretation and magnetic delivery.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice, the one squeaking thus, and the other down so; in each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice, for one half was B alt, and the rest G below. Oh! oh! Orator Puff, one voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and frowns, so distracting all ears with his ups and his down, that a wag

once, on hearing the orator say, "My voice is for war," asked him, "Which one of them, pray?" Oh! oh! Orator Puff, one voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling home one evening, top-heavy with gin, and rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown, he tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in—"sinking fun," the last words as his noddle came down. Oh! oh! Orator Puff, one voice for an orator's surely enough.

"Oh, save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones, "Help me out! help me out! I have broken my bones!" "Help you out!" said a Paddy who passed. "What a bother! why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?" Oh! oh! Orator Puff, one voice for an orator's surely enough!

THE WOODEN ARM MAN.

Suggestions—This selection requires that the reciter train his left arm to make the gestures indicated. When appearing before the audience, the arm must be held stiff and awkward like a wooden arm would appear; and it is moved at the joints by the right hand. When he is trying to tell the girl of his love ,the hand slips down at the left side, because of a screw loose.

There was a man of wondrous gifts, born of dramatic instincts rife; he loved to talk, orate, recite upon the many themes of life. But he a wooden arm possessed, hinged at the elbow and the wrist. A stiff and awkward piece of oak hinged from the shoulder with a twist.

He trained this arm to act his thought—his varied feelings to define—and thus "to charge the light brigade," he raised it in a forward line. To point to heaven he bent his arm, and could turn it either way. He lowered the hand, and this was thought; as I am thinking now today. The outward gesture was not hard; a little turn would make it true; the meaning all could understand, 'twas this for me, and that for you.

One day a girllet came his way; a tripping, dainty, pink-eyed miss. He caught his arm and raised it thus, then turned the elbow and the wrist. "Oh ,this is love; no this is; no love is this!" But fate, alas, was sore unkind. The elbow hinge had one screw loose, so when he told her of his love the gesture was of little use.

He swore by heaven's eternal blue, his heart was right, his

love was true. To swear, he swore with his left hand uplifted; at the word he said—but ere his thoughts he could command, the arm fell down on his head—he swore, but he swore with words instead!

A CHICAGO DUDE.

Suggestions—This selection requires acting, and a play on the words, "ah there!" An exagerated facial expression makes it more interesting.

A dude from Chicago went North one July, ah there! This dandy dude's collar was three inches high, ah there! His cuffs were too long, his gloves were too white, his hat was too tall, and his pants were too tight, ah there!

This dude from Chicago went out for a ride, ah there! Of a mean mustang he sat him astride, ah there! The pony when spurred, like a wild spirit fled; but soon made a hault, and stood the dude on his head; and a wicked young cub in a meat wagon said, "ah there!"

ONLY A PIN.

Suggestions—This selection requires acting to make it highly successful. The mental picturing must be complete. The boy, when he sees the pin, and when he picks it up and places it in the chair, should be almost pantomimed. When the man sits down on the pin, the reciter should act it out completely, and on the word, "whoop!" a jump into the air is necessary.

Only a pin—yet it calmly lay on the carpeted floor in the light of day, and shone serene and clear and bright, deflecting back the noonday's light. Only a boy but he saw that pin, and his face assumed a fiendish grin; and he slyly stooped with look intent, till both he and the pin alike were bent. Only a chair—yet upon its seat that well-bent pin found safe retreat; nor could the keenest eye discern that heavenward its point did turn. Only a man—but he chanced to drop upon that chair, when whoop! bang! pop! like the cork from a bottle of champagne, he bounded up from that chair again.

Only a yell—but an honest one; it lacked the remotest idea of fun, and man and boy, and pin and chair in close communion mingled there. Only the pin—out of all the four, alone no traces of damage bore; the man was mad and dreadfully sore—and he lathered that boy behind and before—the

chair lay smashed upon the floor, its seat was not hurt—but the boy's was sore!

AN HUMBLE BOY.

Suggestions—This selection, if merely recited, has but little value. It requires artistic action to make it highly successful. In practicing it, it is better to endeavor to pantomime it so that an on-looker would get the ideas in the selection.

An humble boy with a shining pail, went gladly singing down the dale, to where a cow with a brindle tail on clover her palate did regale. An humble bee did gayly sail far over the soft and shadowy vale, to where the boy with a shining pail was milking the cow with a brindle tail. The bee lit down on the cows left ear, (zip!) her heels flew up through the atmosphere, and through the leaves of a chestnut tree, that boy soared into futurity.

IF I DAR'ST.

Suggestions—This sa'sy, sarcastic little girl must be thoroughly impersonated. It requires strong facial expression.

If I dar'st, I'd lick my pa, for the times he's licked me. I'd lick my brother, and my teacher, too. I'd lick the fellows that calls around on sister after tea; and I'd keep on licking folks till I got through. You bet I'd run away from my lesson to play. And I'd shoot the hens, and tease the cat, and the boys (or girls) all day—if I dar'st, but I dar'sent.

THE KITCHEN MAID.

Suggestions—This selection requires acting, acting, acting. It is all action. On the words, "a match," it is well to have a match and strike it, and have a small firecracker on a table, and set the fuse. When it explodes the reciter must give a scream and jump to one side of the stage and look into the heavens for fully thirty seconds as though watching the maid go outof sight, and then while holding that attitude, utter the last words. The action requires the impersonations of the maid engaged in her work in the kitchen.

A kitchen maid! A kerosene lamp! A match! God save the queen!

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